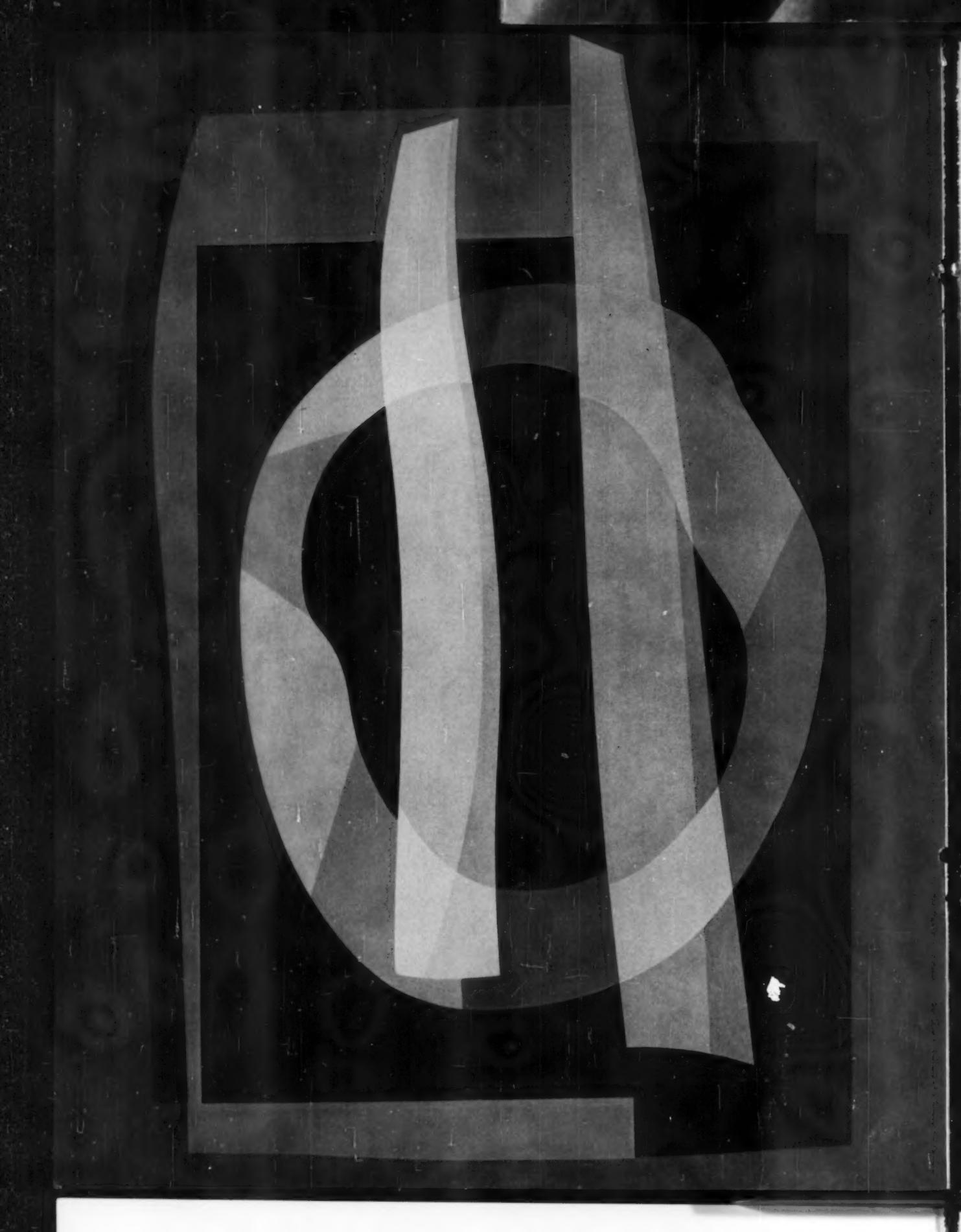


# Américas

SEPTEMBER 1962

MEXICO'S  
"New" Constitution  
SEE PAGE 2



# Américas

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Small Mexican farmer's right to his land is protected under 1917 revision of 1857 constitution (see page 2). Photograph by Fritz Henle, courtesy PAU Visual Arts Section

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Opposite: Sea Twilight, oil by Emilio Pettoruti of Argentina, won 1956 Guggenheim International Award

## Dear Reader

For the second time in their history, the twenty-one American republics and Canada are being called on to work together in a job that will help them immeasurably to face their basic problems: a census of the Americas, scheduled for 1960. Since 1955 the Inter-American Statistical Institute has been doing the spadework, to guarantee success both in the quality of the work and in achieving unanimous participation. In cooperation with the United Nations, the Institute is coordinating the technical assistance some of the countries will need, and the whole program will be part of the World Census planned by the UN.

To assure comparability of the census data, a meeting of the Institute's Committee on Improvement of National Statistics (COINS) will be held in November, following a session of the census sub-committee. The Institute is striving for uniformity of definitions so as to settle such problems as what is meant by "urban" and "rural." In some of the countries the classification is prescribed by law, according to certain administrative criteria; in the United States towns of more than 2,500 population are considered "urban" except in some sections, where a different traditional classification prevails. Or take the definition of nationality. There are three different criteria, all based on the subject's birthplace: according to an immigrant's own declaration, according to boundaries existing at the time of his birth, or according to boundaries prevailing at the time of the census.

While recognizing the importance of comparability, the plan does not try to restrict the freedom of action of the various countries. They will collect and contribute data meeting certain minimum standards, on such questions as, for example, What is the economically active population? How many dwellings have sanitary facilities? How many farms produce cattle? How much has illiteracy been reduced?

Apart from the points to be covered internationally, each country can adjust the scope of its inquiry to its own needs and experience. In earlier censuses, for example, some countries have included questions on the highest grade of school completed and on language spoken, others have asked about salaries or family income. Special inquiries on the cultural and economic status of the Indian population have been undertaken as part of the census in still other countries where that group is of national significance.

In the light of the Declaration of Panama and the recommendations made by the Committee of American Presidential Representatives, the 1960 Census of the Americas must be regarded as a *sine qua non* for the success of all other programs of mutual assistance in the Hemisphere. In 1954, the Inter-American Economic and Social Council recommended that, beginning in 1960, the member countries should take national censuses every ten years covering population, economic activities, and housing (not all participated in the first Census of the Americas in 1950); it also suggested that the governments should make analytical studies of the 1950 findings, in order to use the information fully in economic-development programs. Now private companies and individuals, as well as government agencies, are making more and more requests for census data every day.

We trust that none of our countries will fail to be counted "present" in this new demonstration of inter-American solidarity.

*José A. Mora*  
José A. Mora  
Secretary General

# MEXICO'S

# "Year of the Constitution"

FRANCISCO CUEVAS CANCINO

THE PROGRESS of modern Mexico is one of the most heartening phenomena of our times. Over the past century, the nation has made enormous strides economically,

socially, and politically, until today it has achieved a remarkable stability in an unstable world. The standard of living is on the upswing. Mexico is producing iron and steel, small manufactures, textiles, electric power, oil and its by-products. The value of industrial output has exceeded agricultural production in a country where the reverse has always prevailed. At the same time irrigation projects have opened up new horizons to the farmer, as in the reclaimed wheat-growing region of the Northwest. Fewer raw materials and semi-manufactured products are being exported; they are being absorbed instead by a new national market.

Some may claim that all this could have happened with or without the constitution whose centenary we are celebrating. But the facts do not support this contention. Our constitution represents a careful balance between idealism and materialism, between respect for the past and the desire to push ahead, between past accomplishments and future goals. Democratic and liberal, traditional and modern, Mexico today faces the future squarely and with confidence—thanks largely to the constitution of 1857.

This constitution represents the hopes and dreams of generations; the sufferings of men sacrificed by dictatorships; every man's natural yearning for a better life, and—under the progressive leadership of representative government—his means of achieving it. It is worth looking back to see how it was hammered into shape.

While Mexican insurgents were still fighting for freedom from Spain, it was clear that they hoped for a constitutional government. In 1814, seven years before independence, an assembly met in Chilpancingo, under

*A lawyer and writer on international relations, FRANCISCO CUEVAS CANCINO is assistant director of the Section on International Organizations of the Mexican Ministry of Foreign Affairs.*

*Orozco painting of Hidalgo, priest who issued the famous Grito de Dolores in 1811, starting Mexico on the road to freedom from Spain*



the aegis of José María Morelos, and approved the so-called constitution of Apatzingan. A succession of constitutional congresses and popular declarations followed. Not until 1857 was an enduring constitution actually framed.

By the time this assembly met, the Santa Anna dictatorship had become totally repugnant. With no regard for men or political parties, the "indispensable man" was prepared to rule Mexico for the rest of his life. But after losing Texas in 1845, the people could not tolerate the Gadsden, or Mesilla, agreement of 1853, which meant another bite out of Mexican territory. The following year the dictator fell.

Two major political parties had sprung up. The Con-

proposed document; Ponciano Arriaga, president of the assembly and their man, was, in addition to being an adroit parliamentarian, well informed on the times and his role.

Exiled by Santa Anna, Arriaga spent his time in Brownsville, Texas, and New Orleans, studying U.S. political life and institutions. He helped frame the Plan of Ayutla and returned to Mexico as head of the Liberal Party and the elected representative of eight electoral districts. With characteristic humility, he passed the leadership on to Benito Juárez. Of the many outstanding figures of that time (described by Francisco Zarco in his work *Historia del Congreso Constituyente*), Ponciano Arriaga was clearly the most statesmanlike.



Orozco mural in Mexican National Museum of History pays tribute to Benito Juárez and Mexican people who defended constitution of 1857 against tremendous odds (note helmet of figure in upper right)

servatives wanted to preserve vested interests, the privileged status of Church and landowners, and neocolonialism. The Liberals, on the other hand, were ready to break with the past, to unleash the forces weighed down by traditionalism. Moderate views falling somewhere in between were assimilated into one or the other party. The Conservatives, in league with Santa Anna, had already failed to incite the nation to join their cause. Inevitably, then, the ideals of liberalism, progress, and modern reform dominated the framing of the 1857 constitution.

The backbone of the revolution against Santa Anna was the Plan of Ayutla, which anticipated the establishment of a constituent assembly. After the insurgent forces had triumphed and the elections were duly held, this congress was organized. It comprised a majority of moderate Liberals and a minority of extreme Liberals, nicknamed "pures." As happens in every crisis, the extremists exerted a strong influence. They made up the majority of the committee charged with drafting the

constitution of 1857 was a flexible document, framed to serve during periods of transition. It incorporated the Liberal tendencies but, at the same time, avoided definitive measures that would lead to complete separation of Church and State, laicism, admission of all religions. However, important steps had already been taken toward these goals by the provisional government that preceded the constitution.

The basic principles of the 1857 constitution were unquestionably democratic. Montesquieu's classic division of powers was reiterated. Moreover, the document was distinguished by three great institutions, undoubtedly rooted in Mexican juridical tradition. They were the complete suppression of special privileges (trial by military or ecclesiastical tribunals, for example); the systematic declaration of individual rights, with the famous writ of *amparo*, or protection granted by the judiciary against any violation on the part of the executive power; and the clear-cut establishment of a federal system of government.



Emiliano Zapata, revolutionary leader who championed land-distribution reforms included in 1917 revision of constitution, as portrayed by Orozco

Ironically, the 1857 document provoked internal strife that eventually undermined the political structure the constitution itself had rebuilt. Because it embodied the political ideals of the Liberal Party, many members of the government did not favor the new charter. Following its approval, a series of battles erupted into a three-year civil war (1858-1861). The Conservative Party was again roundly defeated, and Mexico was still reeling when Juárez was proclaimed provisional president in June 1861. Later the same year, England, Spain, and France signed an agreement for joint intervention in Mexico. The British and Spanish withdrew shortly, but in 1864 Napoleon III doggedly installed Maximilian as emperor of Mexico.

This French intervention, despite many lamentable consequences, had one positive result: it mobilized public support for the constitution. Extreme Liberals united with the rest of the country against the foreign invasion and through the constitutional reforms of 1874 consolidated their program. Under President Sebastián Lerdo

de Tejada, a "pure," the points of the Liberal program that had been woven into the reform laws became part of the constitution, definitely separating Church and State.

However, the victorious Liberals soon ran into difficulties. Although their new program would hasten the country's progress, most Mexicans were unaware of their rights; besides, in the political situation then prevailing, the new machinery could not begin to roll. Consequently, after four years, the only feasible solution was the military dictatorship of Porfirio Díaz, which lasted from 1876 until 1910. Under his rule, many of the reforms instituted by the Liberals were obscured, and those benefiting the majority were repealed outright.

Paradoxically, *Porfirismo* (or the *Porfiriato*, as the opposition called it) was supported by a wing of the Liberal Party, but canceled many of the gains of 1857. It seized control by armed force and consolidated its position with promises of efficient government. In its prime, the so-called "scientists" ruled the country. They built a political party out of a sort of new, enlightened despotism and sacrificed civil liberties on the administration altar. Under the dictatorship the constitution might as well have been a jumble of meaningless words. They preferred peace—the peace of the tomb, the opponents called it—to democratic operations.

The country advanced, but at what cost! Intellectual life was reduced to a poor imitation of the European; the wealthy few made their fortunes off the masses; and



President Lázaro Cárdenas instituted vigorous program of educational, social, and industrial reforms that has continued to present

the contracts with foreign companies to build railways and open new mines heavily mortgaged Mexico's future.

The Church, hamstrung by its separation from the State, the sale of its land holdings, and the considerable curtailment of its income, had ceased to function as the representative of the community. But no other institution could take its place. Various unethical, unpatriotic groups took advantage of the opportunity to get rich. Collective land ownership in the villages was wiped out, farmers were uprooted, and in cities and oil fields a modern proletariat began to take shape.

The constitution, which had been relegated to a dusty



Government coordinator explains goals and advantages of land-development program for Papaloapan region. Revised constitution incorporated dissolution of large estates, irrigation, and protection of workers' rights

shelf, received empty, hypocritical homage. Mexico was under a non-constitutional regime. Gradually, in the minds of a people worried by the staying-power of the dictatorship, by the loss of their lands, and by unjust exploitation of their labors, the constitution became a word of hope, a thesis, a doctrine.

In 1910, led by Francisco I. Madero, the Mexican Revolution broke out. The abolition of presidential second terms was the first proclamation of a people awakening from the long lethargy of *Porfiriismo*. Madero became president, and it seemed that the transition from dictatorship to democracy would be peaceful. Such hopes were not only fleeting but vain. In a wretched military "barracks revolt," Huerta seized power. Then dormant forces that also sought to recoup socio-economic losses united against the usurper. On the one hand were the followers of Zapata, who carried the standard of land distribution; on the other, the true constitutionalist movement stood for defending civil liberties, limiting the power of the federal government, and getting the country back on its feet. This group, led by Venustiano Carranza, won, bringing the Revolution to a close.

The Mexico of those revolutionary years realized that a modernized constitution represented the best guarantee for its existence and the surest way to wipe out decades of errors and dictatorship. In a sense, the people took refuge in the constitution, strengthened it, built on it and not in spite of it, made it the key to a unified Mexico.

That is why, after Carranza's forces triumphed, he convoked an assembly and presented plans for constitutional reforms. These were largely inspired by the illustrious Chiapas writer Emilio Rabasa. An eminent jurist and sociologist, Rabasa had pointed out the need—particularly in his work *La Constitución y la Dictadura*—

for strengthening legislative power, for a completely autonomous judiciary, for enforcing the writ of *amparo*, and for curbing the exploitation of national resources. Carranza scotched the notion of an entirely new constitution, charging the delegates to revamp the 1857 document by eliminating those defects that time had revealed and making additions to meet twentieth-century requirements.

An obvious thread of continuity runs through the two versions, the original and the 1917 revision. Federalism, individual rights, the writ of *amparo*, laicism, division of powers—as well as the separation of Church and State, included in the 1874 reforms—all are covered in the second document. It also embraces three guiding



PAU fundamental-education booklets are used in all-out campaign to eliminate illiteracy in Mexico



*With President Cárdenas' expropriation of foreign oil holdings, government-owned PEMEX was established*

principles of the Revolution: protection of the nation's underground resources, strong worker guarantees, and assurances that communal lands will be held inviolate and large estates liquidated.

The revised constitution of 1917 has been an instrument for the consolidation and progress of democracy.

*University City in suburbs of capital. Mexican constitution assures every citizen an education*

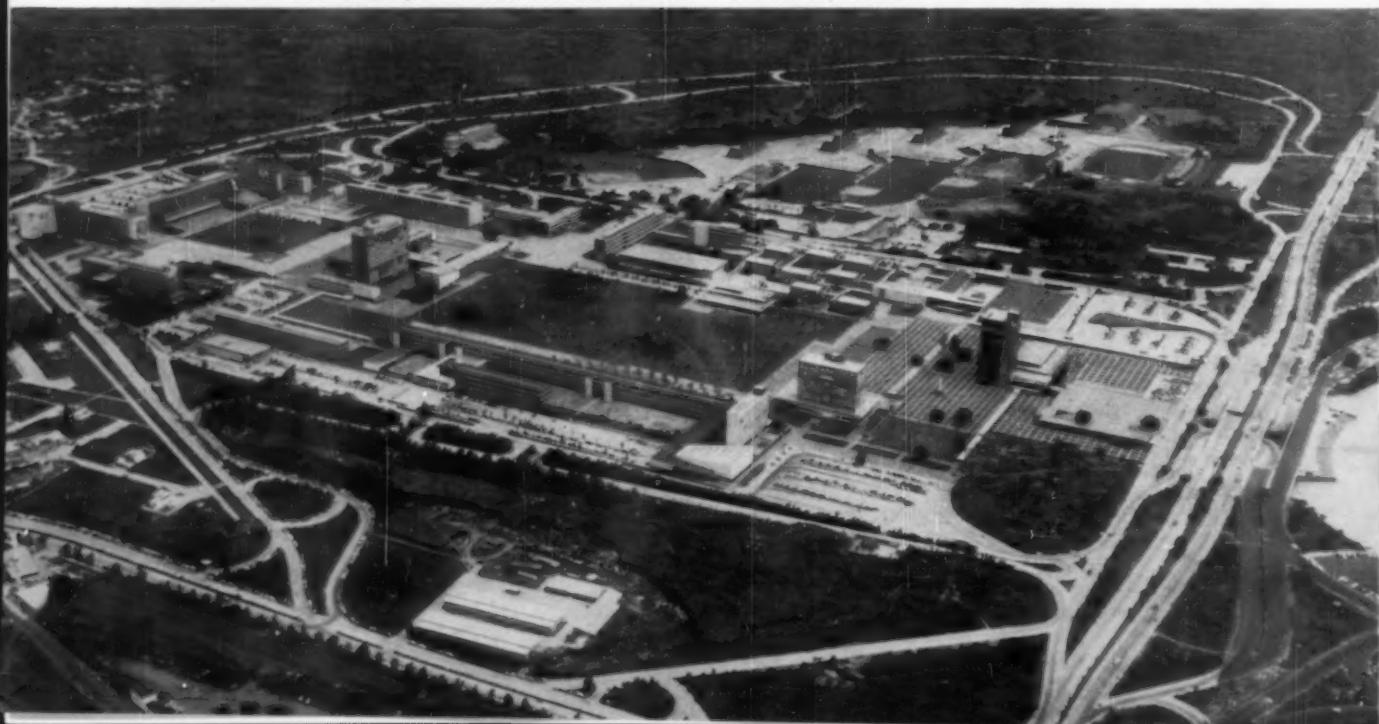
The State has developed the authority and initiative it needed to fill the place vacated by the Church. Years of absolute Liberalism proved beyond doubt that individual interests are not necessarily always community interests, and that it is imperative to maintain constant vigilance over the rights of the majority. In 1857 this was an impossible task for the Mexican State, but today it is an entirely different story.

Of course, no constitution can stand without the wholehearted approval of the people. The 1857 document was conceived by a progressive, intelligent minority and did not adequately represent the majority. However, with the important changes and additions in the 1917 revision, the Mexican masses became the constitution's staunchest defenders.

The administrations since Carranza's time have put their best efforts into long-range programs for state-financed dams and highways; nationwide educational campaigns that reached a climax with the recent drive to wipe out illiteracy; the dissolution of large estates that lay fallow year after year; the constant protection of community properties; and the unflagging struggle to control Mexico's natural resources, which culminated in President Lázaro Cárdenas' expropriation of the large oil companies.

Now the constitution has become fully operative. Naturally, there have been human errors in its application, but it has been an effective instrument of government.

Recent years have brought noticeable social improvements, too. An active, progressive middle class is shaping up. The arbitrary divisions that existed during *Porfismo* are disappearing. In short, a new Mexican is emerging—self-assured and ready to take on the problems of modern life. • • •





*Juilliard student orchestra rehearses under Jean Morel, its permanent conductor*

# music in the air

*How Juilliard School  
molds the talented*

**BETTY WILSON**

WITHIN THE YEAR, if a rather dreamy-eyed schedule is adhered to, the wreckers will move in on a seedy neighborhood of walk-up flats and bar-and-grills clustered around Lincoln Square, at Sixty-fifth Street and Broadway, in New York. What is to go up in its place is planned, like so much else in New York, to be the only thing of its kind in the world: a complete center for all the performing arts. Included in the grandiose scheme are a new building for the Metropolitan Opera, concert and recital auditoriums to replace those of the doomed Carnegie Hall, a repertory theater, and teaching facilities. By "teaching facilities" is meant, most importantly, the Juilliard School of Music. This world-famous institution will not only move downtown from the more Olympian reaches of Morningside Heights; it will add

drama to its existing departments of music and dance, and will thus become the scholastic equivalent of the Lincoln Center itself.

All this is three years or more away—fortunately, because of the many problems still to be worked out. There were a lot of other things I wanted to find out at Juilliard, but when I got there I did rather wonder why the move was thought necessary. The dignified pseudo-French buildings, on a quiet street, are spacious and flawlessly equipped. (On the side wall was chalked: "I love Elvis Presley." When I reported this to Sheila Keats of the quarterly *Juilliard Review*, who acted as my guide, she countered by telling me about the "I love Ludwig" buttons, which I had not heard of before.) The neighborhood is congenial, shared with Columbia University

and the Union and Jewish theological seminaries. Through Dean Mark Schubart's office window was a pleasant view of grass and trees, commodities in short supply at Lincoln Square.

I asked Dean Schubart about the move and how it would affect the school. "Actors, heaven help us!" he said. They had hardly any idea what they were going to do about the actors, he went on, but they considered the Lincoln Center project so exciting that they looked forward to being part of it. "Our first big departure was dance, in 1951, but drama is so much further removed from music. We do know that the department will be large enough to let us have a theater workshop, just as we now have the opera workshop and orchestra. And we have always had strong convictions on how performers—any performers—should be educated."

As stated in the catalogue, this belief is that "the acquisition of technical skills is not in itself either a proper end of a full education or an adequate preparation for an aspiring student." Besides becoming as proficient with his instrument as it is possible to make him, every Juilliard student is expected to acquire at the very least a thorough knowledge of music as an art, as a science, and as a component part of history and culture. Even this is not enough, Dean Schubart feels, and in his experience good musicians are both intelligent and highly cultivated: "How on earth can you play Ravel unless you know something about France? And by that I don't mean the names of the principal rivers." Through its academic-studies department, established in 1927, Juilliard offers just such a well-rounded education to those who want it.

From this view comes another reason for enthusiasm about the move to Lincoln Square. With 591 full-time music students in 1956-57, Juilliard is large as top-ranking conservatories go—over five times as large, for example, as Curtis Institute in Philadelphia. And the main reason is that a good many of the 591 could not have gained admission to Curtis. This policy is to change. At Lincoln Square, Juilliard will devote itself exclusively to giving the few with "more previous training, more talent, or both" a complete, as opposed to a specialized, education, and in a place where they will be surrounded by the world's leading performers. This, Dean Schubart claims, will make Juilliard absolutely unique. "Not that you can feed a moron in at one end of a sausage machine and crank out a genius at the other, but it makes a difference if you expose your students to the very best in musical and general culture. We consider this increasing emphasis on the highly gifted to be our natural line of development."

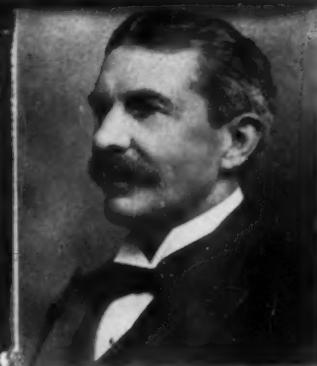
This refers back to what, for an institution just over half a century old, is a fairly complex history. The present Juilliard is a compound—for a while, a somewhat unstable one—of the Institute of Musical Art, founded by Frank Damrosch in 1905, and the Juilliard Graduate School, set up in 1924 with money left by the textile multimillionaire Augustus Juilliard. Damrosch, less brilliant as a musician than his younger brother Walter, was a first-rate musical educator who organized

the public-school music systems of Denver and New York, established choral groups among all classes of people, and, as one of many innovations, introduced the work of Elgar in the United States. In starting the Institute his idea was to improve on the traditional European conservatory by providing a thorough musical education—the idea still cherished at Juilliard. "Most of the music schools are, in a sense, trade schools," he wrote home from a tour of observation; mainly, they amounted to a congeries of separate studios for violin or piano or woodwind or voice lessons, where each pupil learned as much or as little as his individual master was willing or able to teach him. Even at the distinguished Berlin Hochschule, the ideal curriculum announced in the catalogue turned out to be a dead letter, because the director made no attempt to enforce it.

With half a million dollars contributed by the financier James Loeb, an enrollment of 281, and a faculty that included Walter Damrosch and the illustrious flutist Georges Barrère, the Institute of Musical Art opened in a converted mansion on lower Fifth Avenue. By 1910 it had outgrown these quarters and moved to its present building. Over the years it became, in a way, a victim of its own success. Despite its prestige, it still could not compete with such schools as Curtis and Eastman because of its small endowment.

Meanwhile, the trustees of the Juilliard Foundation were in the strange predicament of having about fifteen million dollars on their hands that they could not dispose of. Juilliard, who died in 1919, left much of his fortune for the training of musicians, the holding of concerts "of such quality as to educate the public taste," and the production at the Metropolitan of operas of various kinds that would otherwise not be heard. This last provision was not to the taste of the temperamental Gatti-Casazza, director of the Met, who would not hear of any change in his programs. (During the depression, the Met repented of this cavalier disregard for money, and in unseemly fashion circulated a rumor that the will provided for a Metropolitan emergency fund that the Foundation trustees were deliberately withholding.) When the trustees approached Frank Damrosch, planning to apply a sum toward expansion of the Institute of Musical Art, he declined also, apprehensive of outside interference. For a while, the Foundation was reduced to granting scholarships here and there.

Bit by bit, a remarkable group of teachers and pupils was assembled by Dr. Eugene A. Noble, secretary of the Foundation, and in 1924 this was organized into the Juilliard Graduate School. The name is misleading; the school was merely a center for extremely advanced work and graduation from some lower institution had nothing to do with it. Before long, however, the Institute of Musical Art trustees, realizing that they could not weather a depression, were back to ask for the help Damrosch had refused. In 1926 the two schools became associated under the presidency of John Erskine, then professor of literature at Columbia, who wrote in his chatty *My Life in Music*: "I learned later that I was chosen for my experience in education as well as my knowledge of



Augustus Juilliard left textile fortune to establish music foundation, which supports school



William Schuman, composer and president of school since 1945



Singing lesson with Marion Szekely-Freschl, former European operatic contralto



Piano teacher Rosina Lhevinne has had distinguished concert career, including joint recitals with late husband, Josef

music." Erskine also recorded Damrosch's unhappiness that his school was not to remain independent during his lifetime, his displeasure at the Juilliard Graduate School building that went up next door in 1931 and destroyed the architectural unity of his own beloved building, and the difficulties of sorting out responsibility between the two institutions. In theory, the teachers, the students, and the work of the Graduate School were superior to those of the Institute; in actual fact, this was not always so. The inconsistencies were never satisfactorily resolved by Erskine or his successors, and in 1946 the two schools were merged into a single institution. Since 1945 the president has been the well-known composer William Schuman.

"What it amounts to," said Charles Bestor, business manager of Juilliard, "is that when we move we will be returning to the philosophy of the Graduate School instead of going along with the Institute of Musical Art. The Institute filled a need in its time, but nowadays there are plenty of good schools for people who are competent but not top-notch." Nevertheless, in one or another of its incarnations, Juilliard has had its share of the more or less top-notch among its eight thousand or so graduates, including Howard Hanson, composer, conductor, and director of the Eastman School of Music; the pianists William Kapell and Eugene List; the flutist William Kincaid; the composers Elie Siegmeister, Norman Dello Joio, and Richard Rodgers, the singers Mack Harrell, Risë Stevens, and Carol Brice—not to mention Edith Adams, who is at the moment playing *Daisy Mae* in the Broadway production *Li'l Abner*.

The present Juilliard provides a variety of study programs. In the undergraduate division there is a "diploma course," normally of four years, and a five-year "degree course," granting a bachelor of science degree to those who accumulate sixty semester hours of academic credits besides completing their musical training. The graduate division is similarly split. There are a special study plan for advanced students who do not wish to follow a prescribed curriculum, an extension division for outsiders who want to take courses and think they can keep up with the regular students (they are usually wrong), and a preparatory division offering Saturday classes to children.

To be admitted as an undergraduate in either course, a candidate must have a high-school education or its equivalent, must pass a performance examination before a faculty jury, and must "demonstrate at least a familiarity with the rudiments of music." Unlike the Juilliard Graduate School, which was operated entirely on a scholarship basis, and Curtis, which still is, Juilliard expects those who can afford its fees to pay them. If they are good enough to win a scholarship but do not need it, they are granted "honorary scholarships," which are entered on their records. In any case, Mr. Bestor said, the fees—\$700 a year for degree students, \$585 for special-study students—cover less than half the cost.

Once admitted, the student must re-audition before a jury every year and before the entire faculty at graduation time. He may choose the instructor he prefers in

his field of specialization. He must also complete four years of L&M, which at Juilliard is not a cigarette but a way of life.

Established in 1947, the courses in the Literature and Materials of Music were designed to replace the standard teaching of harmony, counterpoint, history, form, and other aspects of musical technique as separate subjects. The theory is that each is meaningless unless taken in context with all the others, that no chord is "right" and none "wrong," that music should be studied by reference to what composers of various periods have actually written and not by application to a set of rules, that a musician's performance will be influenced by how well he knows the whole course of Western music. Of necessity, most of the L&M instructors are composers, and they are entirely on their own. At their discretion, music is listened to and, especially, performed by students; works from pre-Buxtehude to post-Bartók are analyzed; research projects are undertaken; compositions are written in various forms and styles; readings are assigned. In addition, ensemble groups, repertoire classes for singers and pianists, and weekly student concerts at which attendance is compulsory add to the amount of music that comes under observation. Despite their differences in approach, the instructors are united in believing that this program not only achieves its broader aims but teaches as much formal harmony, counterpoint, and so forth as anybody could desire—including the New York State Board of Regents.

Among students and outsiders, the consensus is enthusiastic but certainly not unanimously so. One gifted student dismissed it contemptuously as "glorified music appreciation." Since the actual running of the program is still experimental, though the philosophy is not, changes have been made from time to time to tighten it up or to meet objections that were considered justifiable. For most other criticism Juilliard has an answer ready. Some students feel at sea with no rules to guide them;

*Rehearsal of chamber ensemble under Hans Letz, who recently retired after more than forty years on faculty*

the reply to this is that in music the only valid judgments are subjective ones, and that what is needed is insight, provided by flexible guidance. Some complain that they are not learning anything; yes, they are, says Juilliard, as they can see for themselves if they look back over the past couple of years. Even granting that, continues the argument, a student needs to know at the time whether he is making progress; well, progress consists partly in his learning not to lean on authority, and he can check the rest by his ability to do increasingly complex and original work. There are also examinations, though the department does not count on them much.

Miss Keats took me through the buildings: the rehearsal rooms, the studios for individual lessons, the professionally equipped and staffed radio control room and recording studio, the library. In the library, the shelves for music scores were remarkably bare; Miss Keats said that during the school year most of the twenty thousand scores were out for study at home.

In the concert hall, which seats a thousand and has all the latest stage devices, a ballet class was working on a passage from *Swan Lake* under the English-born choreographer Antony Tudor. Moderately skillful, they nevertheless tended to lose the rhythm without seeming aware of it. These dancers had just begun to specialize, after two years of more general study. Instead of ballet, they might have chosen one of the forms of modern dance, which at Juilliard are mainly those of Doris Humphrey, Martha Graham, and José Limón, all of whom teach there. They must also study a version of L&M adapted to their needs.

The concert hall and the small recital hall naturally see a lot of use. Throughout the season public orchestral, choral, opera, and dance performances are given regularly in the concert hall. A weekly broadcast is made over WNYC, the city-owned radio station. By conviction, and because of what it conceives to be its duty under the terms of Augustus Juilliard's will, the school programs





*Opera theater production of Ravel's The Child and the Apparitions. Juilliard-performed music tends toward unfamiliar and contemporary*



*Dance department was started in 1951. School is now making plans to teach drama as well*

a good deal of little-known, and especially contemporary, music. Toward its students, Juilliard avoids the attitude that contemporary music is a cause to be championed and teaches instead that it is a fact to be taken for granted; toward the public, it adopts a more self-conscious defense. To celebrate its fiftieth anniversary two years ago, it commissioned works by thirty-three U.S. composers for a Festival of American Music. The press release announcing this contained a partial list of other Juilliard "firsts": the world premieres of five operas, the U.S. premieres of another five, the introduction of thirty orchestral and chamber works and the publication of twenty-four, and festivals devoted to Hindemith, Bloch, contemporary French music, and British music.

The ballet students were still hard at work on *Swan Lake* when I left to keep an appointment with two students. Clarendon Van Norman, a French-horn player from Galesburg, Illinois, was there ahead of me. Unhurried in manner, he apparently never stops moving. At the time, he was taking his master's degree at Juilliard, serving as a teaching fellow, taking courses at Columbia University toward an M.S. in education, and playing in Broadway pit orchestras; this year he is starting

work on his doctorate in education. He had begun his training at Eastman in 1948, on a four-year scholarship, but the following year he had switched to Juilliard and had gone straight through on scholarship, studying with James Chambers, first horn of the New York Philharmonic. He himself had played as an extra man in the Philharmonic and had appeared at Carnegie Hall in the Contemporary Woodwind Quartet. Halfway through school, he had taken time out to spend four years in the Air Force. Stationed in Washington with a dance band called "Airmen of Note," he had at the same time made extra money by driving a taxi and taken fourteen academic credits at Catholic University.

"A lot of musicians nowadays stay in the service," he said. With unemployment in the music business running to about 80 per cent, it seems a sound idea. Van Norman himself, however, would like to settle in a college town large enough to have a symphony orchestra, so that he can combine playing and teaching. But what really interested him at the moment was the newly organized student government. "I've been working hard for it even though it doesn't affect me personally—I won't be here. But the place needs it. Lola's on the Council."

Lola Odiaga, a lively Peruvian piano major, is one of sixty-five foreign students representing twenty-three countries. Because she comes of an Aprista family, she has spent most of her life in Chile and England, but now that the APRA Party is legal again she looks forward to making the acquaintance of her native Lima. She said: "I find the atmosphere here very stimulating—so much emphasis on competition and on modern music. But there's no getting together to make music informally, just for fun, as in the Conservatory in Chile. In fact, you hardly meet anyone outside your own department. That's one reason for the student government—to break up this isolation."

In the past, extracurricular activities have been few. Mr. Bestor, who is in charge of student affairs, said that Juilliard goes on the assumption that its undergraduates are more mature than ordinary college students and should promote their own projects. This they are doing. They have made plans to organize gatherings and programs, to set up lecture series, to agitate for more performances of student compositions and more student recitals, and to discuss grievances with the administration. These range from the vague ("Juilliard is coasting on its reputation") to the very specific: crowded classes, so that seminars turn into lecture courses; over-emphasis of the orchestra on "weird" modern works at the expense of the standard repertoire, which members must know to get jobs; suspected favoritism toward concert performers, who add dazzle to the school's name; or merely the remoteness of the administration.

Miss Odiaga likes to draw comparisons between the music schools she has attended in Chile (where she studied piano with Rosita Renard and counterpoint with the composer Domingo Santa Cruz), London (where her teachers were Denis Matthews and Harold Craxton), and New York. "In London, of course, the whole relationship between students and instructors was much more

formal. You sat and were taught. But the outlook in Europe is different, too. Here so much stress is put on technique, and the tempi are faster. It produces a different kind of performer. You know, I mentioned how sealed off from one another the departments seem here, but I do share a certain point of view toward music with the people I know here, and when I meet students from other schools we can't agree on a thing, so I suppose Juilliard must impose a certain homogeneity without our realizing it." Though she appreciates the advantages of the school's location in New York, she plans to go home to Peru after receiving her master's degree next year. She will teach, take advantage of the few opportunities in Lima for concert performance, and play in chamber-music groups. After summer-school courses at Columbia and NYU, she has become interested in psychology, and would like to take a degree in it at the University of San Marcos. She said: "Even if I thought I could make the grade as a concert artist in the United States"—from what I had been told, she might—"I wouldn't try; a career like that isn't very human."

The student who does thirst for a concert career is living at a bad time. The technical standards alone would horrify the virtuosi of the past. When Tchaikovsky dedicated his Violin Concerto to Leopold Auer, that celebrated artist pronounced it unplayable; the dedication had to be changed, and the second man, A. D. Brodsky, devoted a year to solving its technical problems before introducing it in New York in 1879. But not long ago at Juilliard it was played at professional level by seventeen advanced students and recent graduates. "I sometimes wonder," mused Mr. Bestor, "what we would think of Paganini."

In the morning I went back to the big room on the top floor to attend an orchestra rehearsal. Every student of an orchestral instrument is eventually assigned to one of its two sections (similarly, every voice student participates in either the opera theater or a choral group). This was the more advanced section, preparing for the commencement concert. The first half of the morning would be a general rehearsal under the orchestra's regular conductor, Jean Morel; the second half would give me an opportunity to watch Jorge Mester, a twenty-two-year-old Mexican student conductor for whom the school entertains high hopes, lead a rehearsal of the string section. I had been told that Mester played both the violin and the viola better than many students majoring in those instruments; for purposes of the orchestra he was a violist, because there was a shortage of them. In 1956-57 he held a teaching apprenticeship in conducting; next year he would be an assistant to Morel.

By professional standards the rehearsal, devoted mostly to the Prokofiev Fifth Symphony, was somewhat like a slow-motion film, but the finished performance would meet those same standards admirably. Morel berated his woodwinds, shook his dark grey hair, produced such aphorisms as "United we stand," and, like a good Frenchman, lamented the heavy "Germanic" style of the trombones. During the ten-minute break,

when nearly everyone went out for a cigarette, a strange quartet consisting of Clarendon Van Norman, two trombones, and a trumpet went to work on some beautiful, ancient-sounding composition. They were rehearsing, they said, for a baroque ensemble class that afternoon. Then the strings came back and Jorge Mester took charge.

I wondered how he would make out. Spengler said that a symphony orchestra is "the highest type of group cooperation in Western interpretative art"; under the circumstances it seemed possible that the group might cooperate enthusiastically in denying the authority of a fellow-member. But—though certainly harder put to it than Morel had been—he managed, by cajolery, appeals to their better nature, and only one outburst of temper, to add a perceptible gloss to the Prokofiev.

At twelve he dismissed the strings and, with a look of triumphant high spirits that appears to be his habitual expression and masks his thoughts most efficiently, jumped down from the platform. The students had been rather fractious under his leadership, he agreed, but he considered the rehearsal a success because he had got them to do everything he wanted.

Over lunch in the cafeteria, Mester carefully steered the talk away from himself but was delighted to volunteer a strong opinion on almost anything else—military schools, which he loathes, having attended one; inter-American affairs, about which he asked very searching questions; Vienna, where he wants to settle; L&M, on which he tried amiably to bait Miss Keats. When he had reduced the conversation to a sort of parody of an interview, in which nothing he said could be held against him, he became a little less reticent about himself. His parents are Hungarian. He began to study the violin at the age of five. "I hated it," he said, perhaps because he knows most musicians claim otherwise, for though he dropped it in favor of the more appropriate saxophone when he entered military school, he picked it up again in the seventh grade. On a recommendation from the cellist Gregor Piatigorsky he was given a scholarship to Tanglewood. There, already interested in conducting, he appealed for help to Leonard Bernstein, who advised him to finish high school and later introduced him to Jean Morel. He has spent four summers at Tanglewood, most recently—in 1955—as a conductor chosen by Bernstein. In the summer of 1956, after studying under Albert Wolff, conductor of the Netherlands Radio Orchestra, he toured Europe and made up his mind that he wants to start his career in an opera house there. He plays a lot of chamber music and went to Aspen, Colorado, this past summer for further studies in it. In the crannies of his time, he has conducted the Mexican National Symphony Orchestra and University Symphony.

An item in *The Christian Science Monitor* a while ago reported that at the Mexico City Palace of Fine Arts a Juilliard pianist named John Browning had done "a real service by introducing such American works as Samuel Barber's Piano Sonata, Op. 26, and William Bergsma's *Four Tangents*—works which we probably otherwise would not hear." Mr. Browning, in short, was a credit to his school. • • •

O A S

F O T O F L A S H E S



**The Bolivian painter María Luisa de Pacheco** recently held an exhibition of her paintings in the Art Gallery of the Pan American Union. Mrs. Pacheco has also exhibited in New York, Madrid, Buenos Aires, and Santiago, Chile. With her, discussing the opening of the exhibition, is Dr. Victor Andrade, Ambassador of Bolivia to the OAS and to the United States.

**Two modern argonauts** seeking a "short-cut" to South America stopped at the Pan American Union to obtain information. Rolf Kjolseth and Andreas Kohlschutter, students at Denver University, Colorado, plan to drive to Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, in their jeep "Columbus II." OAS Council Chairman Fernando Lobo of Brazil tries the wheel as Dr. William Manger, OAS Assistant Secretary General (right), looks on.



**Scouts** from all over the world visited Washington, D.C., for their Twenty-fifth Annual Grand Conclave. California members of the Grand Chapter, Knights of Dunamis, the national Eagle Scout Society, chat with OAS Secretary General José A. Mora at a reception held in the PAU. With Dr. Mora (left) are Grand Counselor James A. Cochrane (center), of Stanford Chapter, and Maurice Powers of San Francisco.



**Students** of the Sedes Sapientiae school of philosophy, in São Paulo, Brazil, record their impressions of the United States and the Pan American Union at the PAU's radio studio for broadcast in Brazil. Seated at left, front, is Council Chairman Lobo. The students are part of a group of fifty-seven on a month's tour of the United States.

*Frontier exploits of the three Villas-Boas brothers*

# Brazilian trail blazers

LESLIE WARREN

FOURTEEN YEARS AGO the Villas-Boas brothers—Orlando, Claudio, and Leonardo—left their city home in São Paulo and went to live among the “untamed” Indians of central Brazil. Today what the roving brothers call home is usually a rude thatch shelter surrounded by jungle.

Take the place called Capitão Vasconcellos, an outpost of the Indian Protection Service, for which the brothers serve as agents from time to time. On a Xingu River tributary in northern Mato Grosso, the little collection of huts is four hundred miles from the nearest automobile or railroad. A day's journey downstream the brothers and the Indians have hacked out a clearing among the trees so that military planes can pay them calls.

On a rough bench in a corner of the headquarters shack, soft-spoken, thirty-six-year-old Leonardo, the youngest, gives a lesson in Portuguese to Pionin, the nine-year-old Indian boy the brothers have “adopted.” Claudio, wearing glasses and a battered felt hat, sits on a canvas stool, writing in a diary spread on his knees. An Indian, naked except for a string around his waist, enters, shoos a red-and-green macaw from a hammock, and flops down for a nap. Claudio goes on writing.

Down at the river landing Orlando, thirty-nine and the eldest of the trio, helps an Indian Protection Service doctor load supplies and medicines into a log canoe. A tribe has been stricken with measles. Unless help comes quickly, the toll will be high, for this relatively mild “white man's disease” is deadly to forest peoples who have acquired no immunity to it.

Although tough-fibered, the brothers hardly look the part of husky woodsmen, despite their sun-darkened skins and fierce beards. Leonardo is perhaps the trio's closest approach to a “Tarzan.” Claudio looks more like an anthropologist than a tropical Daniel Boone. Yet as frontier scouts for the Indian Protection Service and the Central Brazil Foundation they have become legendary figures throughout Brazil. “The work of the two go

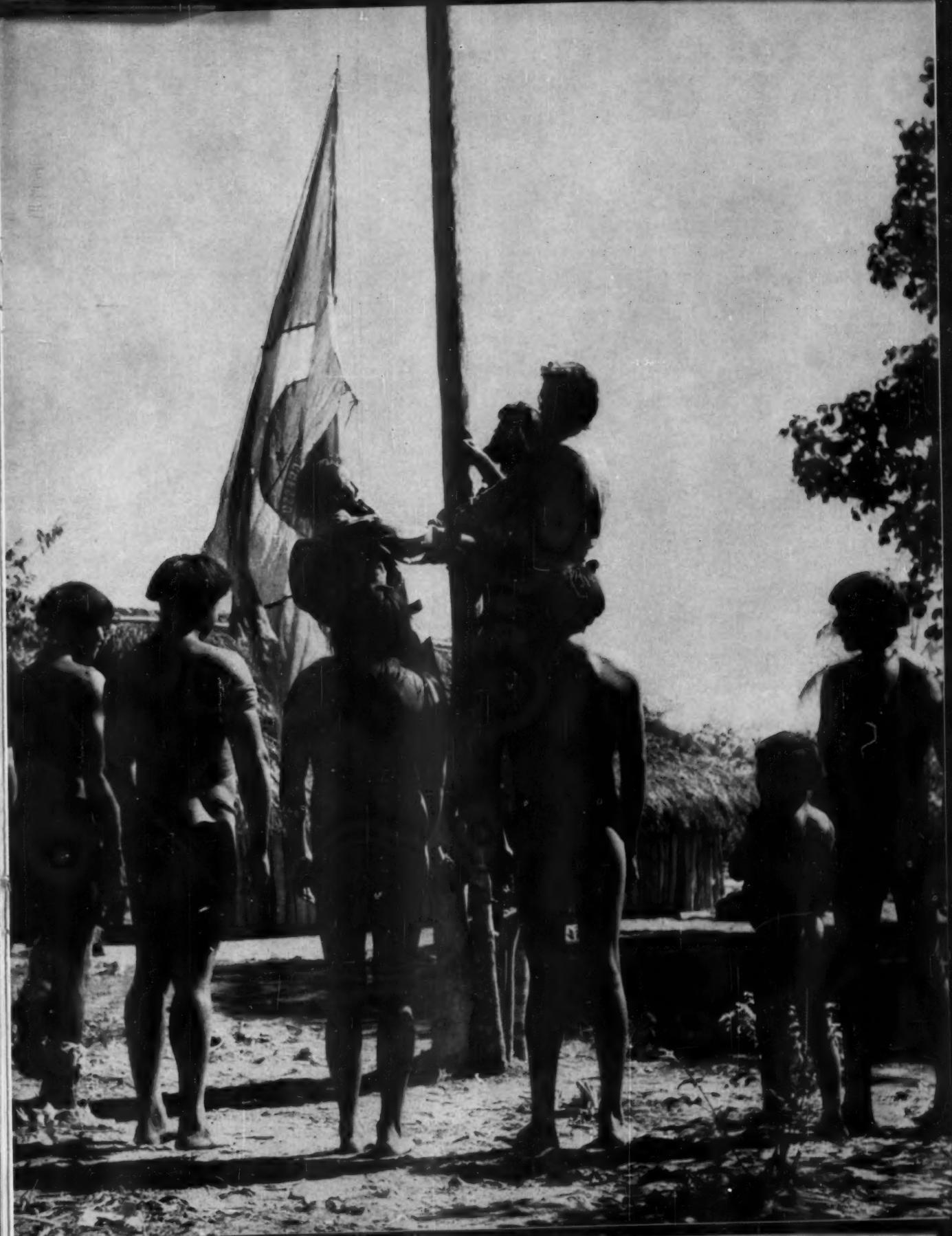
hand in hand,” Orlando explained. “The Foundation is helping Brazil open up the interior. The IPS's job is to prevent clashes between the Indians and advancing civilization and to see that the Indian and his ways are not wiped out in the process.” Among their exploits, which government officials, the press, and an admiring public rank as important services to their country, are building emergency airstrips along the “great diagonal,” which cuts across twelve hundred miles of jungle lying between Rio de Janeiro and Manaus, far up the Amazon River; opening hundreds of miles of roads and trails in areas where no “civilized” man had ever before set foot; helping to pacify Indian tribes who, like the fierce Chavantes, once killed white men on sight.

The Villas-Boas brothers are most famous for—and proudest of—their work with the Indians. Fourteen years of close contact with their primitive countrymen has made them the greatest living experts on the ways and customs of dozens of remote and dwindling tribes, and imbued them with a conviction that the 150,000 remaining Indians and their forest cultures must be saved from extinction. In the river-laced jungles of Brazil's Central Plateau the brothers are the Indian's protectors—against disease, the white man's greed, and his own inability to meet advancing civilization on equal terms.

Most of the Villas-Boas brothers' efforts on behalf of the Indian have been in association with the Indian Protection Service. The Service was founded in 1910 by the revered Cândido Rondon, now ninety-one years old and still head of the organization's governing council. In the program to develop Brazil's vast interior, the Service was given the delicate task of winning the co-operation of hostile Indian tribes. The Service relied on slow, patient, friendly contact, never retaliating for losses suffered by its personnel. “Die if necessary, but never kill” became the IPS motto. The Villas-Boas brothers have had to put this faith to the test many times.

Once, Claudio and Orlando had wanted for months to make contact with an unknown tribe camped across the Jacaré River a short distance from their post. Keeping their boats well to the safe side of the river, they spent

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Orlando, Claudio, and Leonardo Villas-Boas, famous for pushing back Brazilian frontier and defending nation's dwindling Indian population

a week making preliminary passes in front of the Indian village. Finally they decided to cross by fording.

As they slipped unarmed into the swirling water, their Indian guide began a steady chant: "*Caraiba catú, catú! Caraiba catú, catú!* [The white men are friends! The white men are friends!]" Arrows whistled from the clump of trees on the opposite shore.

They waded slowly ahead. The guide switched to another tongue, which brought a heavier shower of arrows. For three hours the brothers stood in midstream, every attempt at further advance stopped by a fresh spray of arrows. Suddenly Orlando remembered. "You were once a Juruna," he said to the guide. "Try calling your name in Juruna."

The guide's brow wrinkled. Born a Juruna, he had been stolen as a child by a rival tribe. Then the name came to him. "Chatuná, Chatuná!" he called. "*Caraiba catú!*"

The arrows stopped, and the trio pushed ahead cautiously. When they scaled the bank, they were confronted by a single Indian, trembling with uncertainty but still

holding his drawn bow with an arrow aimed at the strangers. A voice came from the trees behind him. The Indian lowered his bow and offered the brothers an arrow, reversed in sign of friendship. Soon other tribesmen were crowding around to examine Chatuná, lost to the Suia tribe in a raid fifteen years earlier.

Another time Claudio, shaking with malaria, stumbled into an Indian village to ask help in constructing an airstrip. The village at once split into two factions—one willing to help, the other for killing Claudio on the spot. His supporters placed him in a hammock under a shelter that gave slight protection from a tropical downpour.

Suddenly an Indian seized Claudio's rifle and thrust it at him. "Kill that one! Kill that one!" he urged, pointing out an enemy among the group gathered across the encampment.

Claudio refused. He believes the act saved him; it finally persuaded the larger, hostile group that the white man did not plan to rob them of women or land.

Coupled with the brothers' deep concern for the Indians' welfare is a remarkable ability to communicate

their enthusiasm, to make others see the Indians as fellow humans and not mere jungle curiosities. In their wilderness camps the trio have entertained congressmen, explorers, geologists, anthropologists, journalists, sportsmen, and movie-makers. Nearly all have come away apostles of the brothers' creed.

Brazilian Air Force Colonel Custódio Netto, Jr., once brought in a plane load of supplies and drugs, and announced: "Look, I know all about you, but I'm not in the least interested in your Indians and their problems. While I'm here I'm going to rest and get in a little fishing."

Two days later he was leading a party upriver with medicines for a stricken tribe. During the twenty-day trip, food ran short and the colonel had to endure frequent river drenchings and the torments of insect bites. But he became one of the brothers' staunchest champions.

The string of emergency airfields that now stretches across the jungles, cutting hours from Rio-Manaus-Caracas runs, was a joint undertaking of the Air Force, the Protection Service, and the Central Brazil Foundation. But Colonel Custódio gives the brothers the major share of the credit. "Without them, and the Indians they got to help, that 'air bridge' couldn't have been built," he says. "Bases like Cachimbo and Jacareacanga now play a vital part in our aviation and radio-communications system." Indians along the route have been taught to escort to the nearest IPS post anyone who might survive a crash in one of the big metal birds.

Persuading the Indians to do one's bidding, according to the brothers, is principally a matter of diplomacy, an art at which Orlando excels. A planned expedition ran into difficulties at the outset when a guide named Pauadê—the Juruna who had been so menacing at the Jacaré River crossing—insisted on taking his wife. Other members of the party objected. Orlando ordered last-minute preparations to continue, but discreetly dropped a few hints among other women of the tribe. Then six wives demanded the right to accompany their husbands. That, or Pauadê's wife must stay behind.

Very well, announced Pauadê. His woman would stay home. But so would he.

Nothing was said. The work of loading went on, although without Pauadê's knowledge of the river the expedition was almost certain to fail. Finally, all was ready.

"Wait," said Orlando. Eyeing Pauadê from time to time, the brothers fussed interminably over the departure. Then the order was given, and the first boat shoved off amid shouting and excitement. Pauadê managed to clamber aboard Orlando's canoe just as it pulled clear of the landing place.

Pauadê remained Orlando's most reliable guide for several years until his death from tuberculosis, another of civilization's gifts to the Indian.

From the Indian the Villas-Boas brothers have learned their woodcraft skills. Watch Leonardo make camp. As he talks, perhaps of the next day's journey, his machete swings with a steady chop, chop, chop. In fifteen minutes camp is ready—underbrush cleared, a tripod to

hang the cooking pot on, supports for hammocks, a rack to keep supplies off the ground.

Though perfectly at home in the tropical rain forests, the brothers have retained city tastes. When Orlando goes to Rio or São Paulo, he rarely fails to take in a play or a concert. Both Claudio and Orlando are great readers. Orlando prefers to read at night. Lying in his hammock, a smoking kerosene lamp balanced on his chest, a monkey or parrot snuggled against his shoulder, he loses himself in a new book brought in by a pilot friend. Claudio's reading habits are more orderly. He sits quietly during the day with a sociology or anthropology text in a spot where nothing is likely to disturb him.

The brothers began their careers as frontiersmen in 1943, when they became fed up with their routine lives as São Paulo office workers. "Every day the same bus, the same newspaper stand, the same office, the same faces," says Orlando. At the time, the Roncador-Xingu Expedition, organized by the Central Brazil Foundation to push civilization west, was planning a base at Aragarças, on the Araguaia River. Claudio walked off his telephone-company job and headed for Aragarças, where he was soon joined by Leonardo, then by Orlando. To guarantee themselves outdoor jobs, the brothers feigned illiteracy and were assigned to brush-clearing with a hoe-and-shovel crew at fifty cents a day.

One day an Air Force plane that had brought in a group of government officials was forced to delay take-off until mudholes in the airstrip could be filled. The self-assured bearing and educated speech of three of the backwoods laborers caught the waiting pilot's attention. He soon knew the brothers' story.

Their secret out, the three were quickly drafted for the more responsible task of keeping the expedition's records. Leonardo managed to beg off the tiresome



duties. Then Orlando sent word to an adventurous Rio acquaintance that an exciting job awaited him with the Foundation. The friend arrived, and promptly found himself in charge of ledgers and pencils while Orlando and Claudio set out after the expedition's advance party.

At a post since named Chavantina, on the Rio das Mortes, the brothers' interest in the Indian began. The intractable Chavantes were the chief obstacle to progress. Years before, they had killed six out of a seven-man Indian Protection Service team. Now they were ignoring gifts left out for them, or clubbing them to pulp. They never tired of shooting arrows at low-flying planes.

Finally the white men stopped trying to make friends. The Indians' curiosity aroused, they began to appear in large numbers on the opposite bank of the river. Their calls and whistles went unheeded by the invaders, who did not even bother to look up from their work.

The Chavantes, now thoroughly puzzled, began to lose their fear. When the Villas-Boas brothers and their companions finally crossed the river, the Chavantes offered no resistance. Later, in a peace ceremony, they draped necklaces on the expedition personnel as a sign that the "white tribe" had been conquered.

"It sounds strange, but we *were* conquered," says Orlando. "We saw that Rondon's methods worked. We began to be interested in the Indians for themselves, as people with their own set of cultural values."

When the work of the Roncador-Xingu Expedition eventually came to an end, the three brothers, their backs turned on life in Brazil's coastal cities, stayed in the wilderness. Because of their knowledge of the region and their skill in dealing with the Indians, they were designated agents for the Indian Protection Service. Since then they have served both the IPS and the Central Brazil Foundation, sometimes alternately, sometimes concurrently, as Orlando and Claudio are doing at present. Leonardo for the moment has taken time out to operate his own motorboat service on the Araguaia River.

Orlando explained the method of pacifying savage tribes in the line of Brazil's "march to the west." "An area is chosen for pacification, and we set up a 'post of attraction' in or near it. The Indians know at once we've arrived. They watch while post activity goes on and while we take scouting trips in the neighborhood. Finally contact is made—usually a ticklish moment. If all goes well and this first meeting is friendly, we invite the Indians to the post to share food and later to trade. Sometimes we have a formal ceremony to mark establishment of friendly relations. No restrictions are placed on the comings and goings of Indians at the post. We visit their villages and are gradually accepted as neighbors. Some Indians, of their own will, take up more or less permanent residence near the camp. We don't make an effort to 'sell' them civilization. Some of our articles and techniques are adopted when the Indian sees their usefulness in terms of his own needs. Things like watches and radios either amuse him or don't interest him at all. They don't serve his requirements."

In the pacification process the personalities of the



*Preparing breakfast in a jungle camp. Brothers learned woodsmanship from Indians*



*Striking deal with Indian, Orlando Villas-Boas seals bargain by placing hand on his shoulder*

IPS agents are vitally important. The Indian responds with near-worship to the Villas-Boas brothers' natural leadership, genuine interest in their Indian neighbors, courage, and dignity.

To back up this moral authority the government gives the IPS the last word in Indian affairs in regions under the agency's jurisdiction. Usually an IPS permit is required of an outsider wishing to visit an area undergoing pacification. When geological or exploration parties or government agencies such as the Army or Air Force set up camps near by, an IPS agent will call, explain the point of view and objectives of the Service, and warn of the dangers to both visitors and Indians in unlimited fraternization. Principally, agents see to it

that Indians are not forced into labor, that their goods or women are not stolen or molested, or that other activities the Service considers harmful or dangerous are not practiced.

Once a European movie-maker returned irate from a trip into the interior to complain to government authorities that some half-savage whom the Indians seemed to obey had refused to cooperate—had practically turned the Indians against him. The officials questioned Orlando. In due time, back came Orlando's answer, which satisfied officialdom: "He wanted to make a 'Wild West' film. Our Indians are not clowns."

On another occasion a mealtime guest at an IPS post noticed an Indian staring fixedly at the visitors. He continued eating, then passed the Indian the plate, on which he had thoughtfully left some sizable scraps. Claudio bristled. "No," he told the Indian, "you cannot accept it." Then he explained to the visitor that Indians usually prepared their own food, but could sample white man's fare whenever they wished—merely by asking the cook to serve them a portion.

The brothers' devotion to the welfare of their Indian friends is a byword. Once a scouting party led by Claudio and Orlando was long overdue at their post. A small, single-engine plane spotted them, still days away. The plane landed at a near-by emergency strip and found the group exhausted and out of food. They had been delayed, they explained, by trying to bring to the post a gravely ill Indian woman and her family. When the pilot suggested flying out the brothers first, they refused to leave unless the woman went with them. She was taken aboard in her hammock, along with members of her family and her treasured cooking utensils. The badly overloaded aircraft just managed to clear the trees at the end of the runway. Back at the post, the woman was nursed to health with the help of a meager supply of oranges that had been flown in as a special treat for the brothers.

"The terrors of the jungle, such as insects and snakes," says Orlando, "are mostly just good newspaper copy." He shrugs off his hundred or more bouts with malaria as a natural hazard.

No one shrugs off the terror of starvation. Once when their food was exhausted on a twenty-eight-day trip, Leonardo and a companion fought to keep a third member of the party from killing himself. Crazed by hunger, the man thought circling vultures were savage Chavante Indians.

Orlando's most memorable Christmas dinner was one he believes saved him from starving to death. The meal was stewed jaguar meat sprinkled with sugar.

The brothers' greatest disappointment is failure to solve the thirty-two-year-old mystery of the English explorer Percy H. Fawcett and his eldest son, Jack, who disappeared in the Mato Grosso jungles in 1925. Orlando thought he had the answer in 1951, when a Kalapalo chief on his death bed told of having clubbed a white man and two companions to death. Orlando was shown bones purporting to be those of the victims. The bones were sent to England for scientific examination. They

were pronounced not those of Colonel Fawcett or members of his party.

The brothers' most ardent hope is to see the realization of a project they originated—the establishment of a seventy-seven-thousand-square-mile national park in the Upper Xingu River region. There, in an area larger than Nebraska, the natural flora and fauna would be preserved for future Brazilians. And the Indian inhabitants, helped by white men but not competing with them, would be free to develop and improve, without breaking their traditional patterns of language, customs, or institutions. The area contains the remnants of dozens of tribes, one of which numbered five thousand a few generations ago and is now down to forty-two. A bill to reserve the area as the Xingu Natural Park has passed the Brazilian Senate, but faces opposition in the lower house, especially from land speculators.

Would the brothers be happy with jobs as park administrators? "No," says Claudio. "There are still dozens of tribes elsewhere we don't know much about. Right now we're trying to win over the Tchicão—they're even more savage than the Chavantes were. So far we've made little progress. But they'll come around eventually."

On the question of the most satisfying experience of their fourteen years' work with the Indians, Orlando answered for all three: "I guess it was in 1954 during the four-hundredth-anniversary exposition in São Paulo. For the opening ceremonies we brought down a few Tchucarramães only recently pacified and wearing a bit of clothing for the occasion. At a banquet they managed the strange eating tools without a slip, and without any sign that they had been watching their white dinner companions for clues. After the speeches, Chief Krumare was asked to reply. He rose, and explained that since his new friends did not understand his language he would dance for them. He danced the Tchucarramãe war dance. Even in that big-city banquet hall it was terrifying, and beautiful. I don't think there was a person in that room who wasn't proud to call that Indian a Brazilian." • • •

*Brothers (left) visit an IPS post. Service "pacifies" Indians through friendship, not coercion*



# a horse to remember

## Ranching in Nicaragua

ADOLFO SOLÓRZANO DÍAZ

illustrations by STEPHEN KRAFT



"WE HAVE A HORSE FOR YOU, boss. I picked him out myself. He's called 'Pelo 'e Cabuya'"—yellow-maned. "He's a cow horse, but we've been keeping him away from the cowpunchers because he's a little too small and thin to round up cattle, and sort of a high roller. But you'll like him, boss. He's a palomino, he's got poise, and he acts like a gentleman. He paws nicely, too, and double-shuffles. You wait and see—when Chago is through grooming him, and his yellow mane and tail are full-grown, people will stop and stare whenever you come riding into Villa Tipitapa."

This is how Bernabé Ramírez, the caretaker of San Juan, greeted me as I drove up. For many years I had not visited the farm, where I used to go with friends during the Easter vacation to hunt deer and to fish and sail on the river.

The horse, because of its intelligence and beautiful lines, has always been one of my favorite animals, and I may say without undue modesty that I am a good rider—for a city man, that is. Bernabé had piqued my curiosity. The first thing I did after getting out of the car was to walk over to the old stable to see this famous steed that had been chosen for me. At the door I met Chago, a strapping and talkative young man.

"Morning, boss. I'm Chago, who looks after your horse. Here's your 'Pelo 'e Cabuya,' boss. He's pretty civilized by now. I've groomed him, pared his hoofs, and got rid of his ticks. Every day I bathe him in the river, then comb and curry him. Been taking care of him since last month. The way I've been putting grease and kerosene on him, he's growing a good tail and mane. Look at him, boss! He has stockings on two legs, and you know the saying: 'On one, good; on two, better; on three, bad; and on four, worse!'"

Chago's picturesque description was accurate; the horse was indeed a beautiful animal. Tall and slender, with a glossy, honey-colored coat; the thick mane, forelock, and tail were even lighter and more lustrous. Chago had curled them to celebrate my arrival. I stepped nearer, intending to pat his side and give him a closer examination, but the animal stamped, snorted, and trembled all over. He pulled his neck in, shot up his fine, pointed ears, and looked at me with piercing restless eyes.

"He's a bucker, boss, but he'll change once he gets to know you. Now he's fat and looks nice, but remember he's still a bronco. That's really what he is: a wild horse. Don't trust him when you ride him, boss. Hold the reins tight and hang on, because if he spots galloping horses he'll take off after them."

I came a bit closer to the animal and after rubbing one of his sides began to analyze him. His withers weren't terribly low, but he had fine lines and was rather slender, as Bernabé had said. His head was well shaped and his face intelligent. High hoofs, thin shanks and ankles. He was long but had narrow sides and a well-rounded and symmetrical rump. His claim to distinction was the color of his beautiful mane—the reason for his name. After sealing my friendship with him by running my fingers through his mane and over his forehead, I left the stable.

Many other things required my attention. The farm, a cattle and dairy ranch, had an area of more than twenty-seven thousand acres—half of it fenced, including the wet pastures and a wide stretch of mountain, the rest a large open valley with natural pastures for fattening the cattle. In the enclosed area, which borders on the Panaloya River—the link between Lake Managua and Lake Nicaragua—were the living quarters and the dairy. The mountainous region and the valley proper were the breeding grounds. At the entrance to the valley some six miles away was another ranch with corrals, a windmill, and other farm equipment. This was the ranch run by Bernabé and twelve other workers.

The property had lain abandoned for many years, during which no member of the family had set foot on it. It had been falling apart in the hands of negligent managers. In its heyday, it had had over five thousand head of horses and cattle. There were two breeds of cattle, Guernsey for milk and the ill-tempered but hardy zebu for beef. Tick-resistant, the zebu are always healthy and well fed because they eat whatever is available when drought dries the grass and the wild-lettuce heads in the rivers. There had likewise been two breeds of horses, with their respective sires: El Inglés, a handsome imported animal, almost black, who fathered splendid saddle

horses, and Kaiser, a dapper half-breed with a spot on the forehead. Kaiser was a good mount, but his chore was to breed strong country horses, good runners and swimmers, broad-chested, sturdy animals fit for the hard work of the farm. The farm had even boasted a pedigree jackass for the breeding of mules.

All that splendor was a thing of the past. Now the farm was a wreck. Not a single saddle horse left. It was difficult to muster 150 milk cows—and to think there had been five times that many! The grazing lands were weed-choked, and the fences, corrals, and other installations cried out for repair. Even at the main house, the veranda sagged as if kneeling painfully. As the youngest of the family, and in spite of my lack of experience in such matters, I was charged with the task of rehabilitation.

Of the few animals remaining on the farm, most were untamed and unbranded, and prowled through mountains and valleys like wild beasts. The farmhands called them *judores*—runners—and the usual Sunday diversion was to go out into the mountains to lasso some, which were then butchered. A few days before, they had caught one to butcher for my arrival. The meat was tender and juicy, and, perhaps influenced by the stories I had heard, I thought it had an exquisite wild flavor.

The days went by. I kept busy inspecting the farm and making notes of all that had to be done. In those excursions I would ride Libra de Tabaco—Pound of Tobacco—a handsome, slow-trotting mare. Every morning I visited the stable to watch the progress of my Pelo 'e Cabuya. With the painstaking care and the generous portions of corn with salt and sulphur that he was getting, he was visibly improving. Once, when Chago was grooming him in the corral, a group of cowhands returning from the hills rode by. Pelo 'e Cabuya let out a rip-snorting whinny. He stretched his neck and dilated his nostrils, as if pleased by the wild smell of the lime-leaved sage caught in the cowhands' stirrups.

In the afternoons I would sit on the corral fence and watch the oldest cowpuncher, a man who knew all about animals, patiently training him in the next field. I had already received the new outfit from Managua: a





light imported saddle, a made-to-measure bridle with a fine bit, a deer-hide headstall, and braided reins. And even an ornamental martingale with a silver-plated rosette in the center. With these appurtenances Pelo 'e Cabuya had really become an attractive brute. The cowboy, on his own initiative, had supplied two straps, one stretching from the center of the chest piece to a second cinch and the other across the lower part of the rump. He had also attached special blinders to the headstall, and an extra set of straps that served as auxiliary reins. All this, according to him, was so that the horse would learn to walk "straight," to maintain gait, to turn around, to move backwards, to stop at the slightest pressure of the reins.

"He's pretty tame, boss. Why don't you give him a tryout to *Tipitapa*?" the cowhand asked me one day.

I did. Although the animal was still somewhat nervous, he caused a great sensation in the village, as Bernabé had predicted.

Weeks went by. Then, one Saturday, I decided to take him for a *judor* round-up the following day with the cowboys of the two ranches.

"To eat *judor*'s meat you've got to scratch your face on the tall grass, boss," Bernabé told me. "Though he's only medium-sized, Pelo 'e Cabuya will do. But you better make a 'stop' with Chago and Leonidas before we hit the hump."

To make a stop is to keep watch, on horseback, on one of the trails leading into the mountains, and by shouting and cracking the whip keep the cattle from heading back into the woods as the cowhands drive them. The prudent suggestion appealed to me. Three other men, older and not so daring, would also make stops at different spots on the plain. The group would include some twenty horsemen and several dogs. We started before

sunrise, so that the cattle would still be either lying down or all in a group. The riders joked about the capers of my Pelo 'e Cabuya, but I could tell he was more nervous than usual, as if he knew instinctively that he was going back to his old haunts.

It was a clear night. The sky was a deep blue and the stars shone brilliantly, so big you could almost reach them. Their light was reflected in the wide, quiet river bordering the flat lands of the farm. The group rode a long time toward the mountain. Men and animals seemed seized by the same enthusiasm. The hunt was like a match to prove their mettle and demonstrate their skill. My Pelo 'e Cabuya was restless and full of bustle. As he pranced on, his shiny tail almost swept the ground. In his brand-new trappings and with his newly acquired gait he cut an odd figure amid the brambles. Gradually, we left behind the stockades, corrals, and pastures. I didn't know exactly where we were going, and after a couple of hours on the trail I asked Bernabé if we still had far to go.

"We passed it a while ago, boss. But we have to come in from behind, against the wind, because the *judores* can smell you, just like deer."

At last we skirted a glen surrounded by thick ridges. This was to be the scene of battle. With Chago and Leonidas I stopped at the first clearing to watch. The other "stoppers" would be posted farther ahead in strategic spots, while Bernabé and the rest kept on riding into the mountains to begin the round-up. Bernabé was one of the best of them. He rode Escándalo, a sorrel horse, strong, almost cylindrical, that looked like a small Percheron. This was the fastest horse on the ranch and had won some races in the capital. They had thought of giving me him instead of Pelo 'e Cabuya, but Bernabé had said that he was "a bouncer with a steady short trot."

Chago selected a luxuriant tree. We dismounted, tethered our horses, and sat down on clumps of roots. It would be a rather long wait. The light mist began to lift, clearing the view. The birds began to herald the new day, particularly the *chirochiro*, whose piercing warble can be heard from miles away. To kill time I listened to Chago's chatter. He and Leonidas sat close by. I passed cigarettes and we began to discuss the incidents of country life.

"You've never seen a *judor* caught, boss? You've got to sit tight, because they're brave and crafty. Three weeks ago one chucked Bernabé, horse and all, into the river, but Bernabé doesn't shrink. Know what he said in midair? 'This damn goat is giving me another bath!' You have to drive them out into a clearing to rope them. And one rope isn't enough even when you get them by both horns. When the boys put the strings on a *judor*, they sure take the frills out of him."

Chago then explained the operation in detail. After the animal is roped, they tie him close to a tree so that he can move around and lie down. The brute puts up a terrific fight and, once made fast, continues rushing the trunk until he peels off the bark. They leave him there to wear himself out for two or three days. Then they come back with an old but still vigorous ox called the *madrina*—godmother—and tie the two animals together, the *judor* by the horns and the ox by the neck. When they are let loose from the tree, a battle ensues that at first seems to favor the *judor*. The ox tries to head for the ranch and the *judor* takes off for the mountains. They struggle, rush at each other, and run in every direction. But, unlike the ox, the *judor* doesn't duck to protect his horns; after crashing several times against the trees he is completely worn out and ends by following the ox like a puppy. The cowhands leave them alone, and when they return to the ranch the two tired animals are already waiting in the corral.

Sometimes the operation is not so easy, because the *judor*, in his fury, "chokes on his own rage," as the cowhands say. In such a case they butcher him on the spot and take the pieces to the ranch. There is a superstition that if the animal actually does choke in fury, the meat will turn blue and develop a bad flavor.

All this description gave me a profound respect for the oxen used as "godmothers," called upon in their old age to perform such hazardous work.

The hours passed and the cigarette butts were piling up. I got up, stretched, took a drink from the canteen, and sat down again. Except for the gay warble of the birds, nothing stirred the woods. Suddenly Chago stood up and said: "Get ready, boss, they're coming. Let's make for the horses."

"How do you know? I don't hear any noise."

"Look at Pelo 'e Cabuya's ears, boss."

The animal was restless; his erect ears flicked from side to side like a semaphore. We mounted. In a few minutes there were shouts, and dogs barking in the distance. Pelo 'e Cabuya was champing at the bit. His nostrils sniffed the air and tremors shook his whole body.

"They're coming through that clearing, boss. See how Pelo 'e Cabuya's ears are pointed that way?"

I could feel the trembling of my horse, and little by little I was infected by the tension. The shouts were getting closer and with them the supreme moment. Suddenly, at the spot Chago had indicated, there was a stampede of cattle and horsemen, shouts and barks and the rustle of breaking branches. Pelo 'e Cabuya was going crazy and I could hardly restrain him. The cowhands were spinning their lassos and rending the air with their yells.

"Hold him, boss, they're coming!" shouted Chago.

It all happened with the speed of lightning, and I never saw just how. When the stampede came abreast of us, Pelo 'e Cabuya forgot the bit and bolted after the herd like a dart. I could barely stay in the saddle. It was a mad, dizzy dash through craggy, brambled fields. When we got to the clearing, the horse seemed to be jet-propelled. I saw I would be smashed against the gigantic tree trunks. Pelo 'e Cabuya paid no attention. This was the end, I thought. Unexpectedly, the horse recoiled and leaped through the air. I somersaulted with saddle and reins and dropped stunned several feet away. As in a dream, I saw his yellow tail vanishing into the woods.

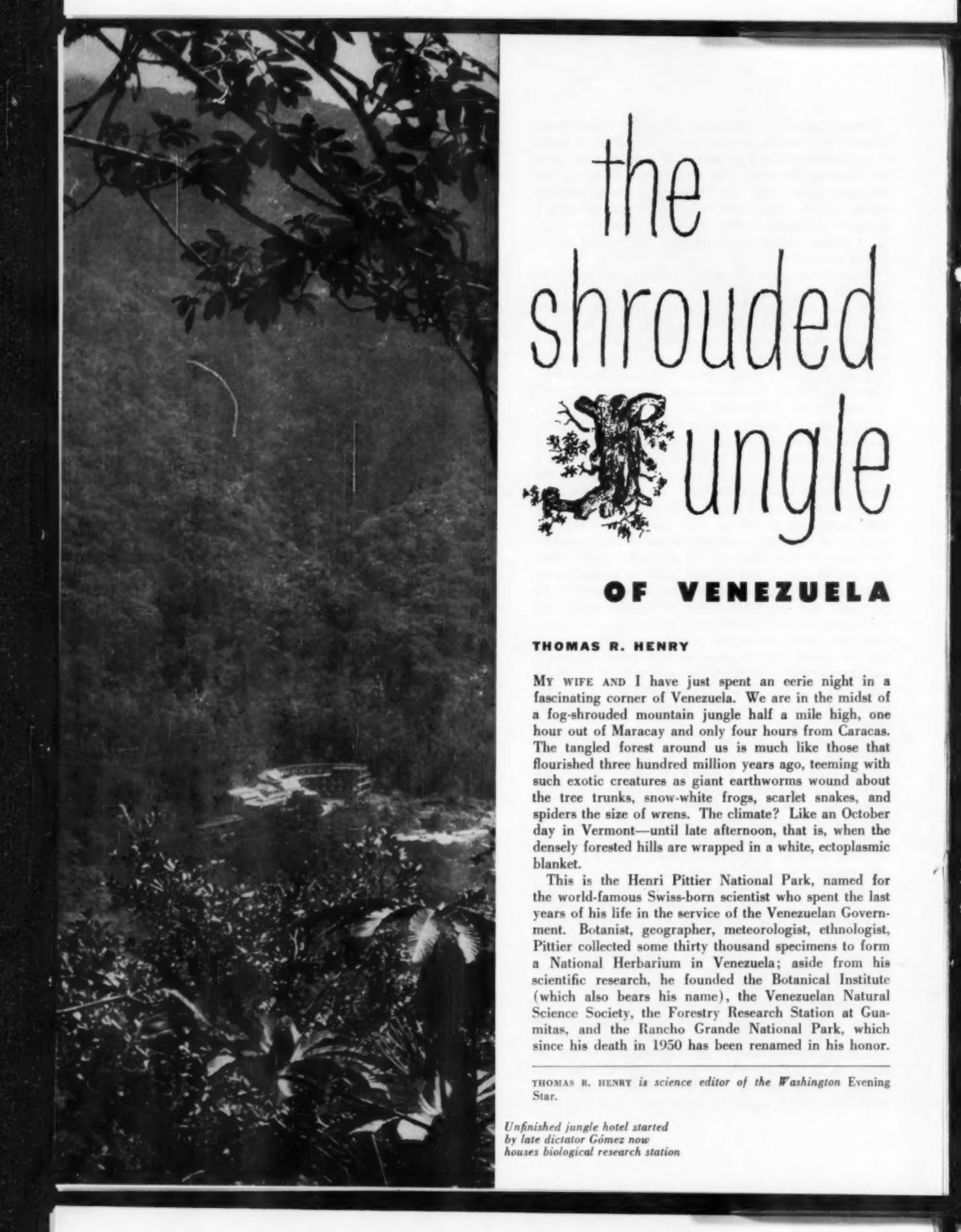
I lay quiet, fearing the worst—broken bones, at least. But except for a few bruises and scratches I was all in one piece. Soon I heard a commotion. It was Chago and Leonidas coming after me.

"Are you hurt, boss? I warned you that Pelo 'e Cabuya was a scalawag. Take my horse, I'll go with Leonidas to fetch yours."

"Better leave him loose in the mountains. Pick up the saddle and the rest of the harness."

Pelo 'e Cabuya was free again. • • •





# the shrouded jungle

OF VENEZUELA

THOMAS R. HENRY

MY WIFE AND I have just spent an eerie night in a fascinating corner of Venezuela. We are in the midst of a fog-shrouded mountain jungle half a mile high, one hour out of Maracay and only four hours from Caracas. The tangled forest around us is much like those that flourished three hundred million years ago, teeming with such exotic creatures as giant earthworms wound about the tree trunks, snow-white frogs, scarlet snakes, and spiders the size of wrens. The climate? Like an October day in Vermont—until late afternoon, that is, when the densely forested hills are wrapped in a white, ectoplasmic blanket.

This is the Henri Pittier National Park, named for the world-famous Swiss-born scientist who spent the last years of his life in the service of the Venezuelan Government. Botanist, geographer, meteorologist, ethnologist, Pittier collected some thirty thousand specimens to form a National Herbarium in Venezuela; aside from his scientific research, he founded the Botanical Institute (which also bears his name), the Venezuelan Natural Science Society, the Forestry Research Station at Guamáta, and the Rancho Grande National Park, which since his death in 1950 has been renamed in his honor.

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THOMAS R. HENRY is science editor of the *Washington Evening Star*.

*Unfinished jungle hotel started  
by late dictator Gómez now  
houses biological research station*

Pittier used to carry on some of his research at Rancho Grande in one wing of a half-finished, medieval-like structure that was a whim of Juan Vicente Gómez during his twenty-seven-year rule of Venezuela. Political prisoners in leg-irons, so the story goes, were the construction workers. Shortly before Christmas 1935, word came from his army-barracks headquarters that the old dictator had died in the night. Unmolested by their guards, who were now powerless, the laborers threw down their picks and hammers, and the building was abandoned for almost two decades. Today much of it is still in its original state, largely roofless. However, a biological research station is maintained there by the Ministry of Agriculture, and several rooms have been converted into a museum. There are also quarters for visiting scientists and the small staff. Dr. Ernest Shafer, zoologist and Tibetan explorer, and Dr. Walter Arp, a brilliant young Venezuelan ornithologist, have been directing the work. Some of their assistants have come specifically to learn the techniques of taxidermy, since it is the only place it is taught in Venezuela.

Actually, the 210,000 unspoiled acres of Pittier National

*Misty shroud envelops jungle when warm-water-filled Caribbean air condenses against cool northern face of mountains*

Park comprise a remarkable laboratory of nature—a paradise for the naturalist. Almost untouched by man, it is a three-storied wilderness, containing forest, jungle, and wasteland, with a rich variety of plants ranging from ferns and orchids to cacti. Dr. William H. Phelps, financier and ornithologist, has just published a descriptive catalogue of its eight hundred species of fantastic birds. Since the balance of nature has not been upset, many of the fauna there appear to be living fossils.

Another interesting phenomenon of Pittier Park is the "shroud," or *neblina*. The mountain range faces the sea. When the warm-water-filled air from the Caribbean condenses against the cool, high northern face of the mountains, fog begins to swirl and billow from the summits. The sea has literally been lifted by the sun and set down on the mountaintops. This happens every day of the year, so that the humidity seldom falls below 80 and everything is dripping wet. The temperature averages about 65 degrees.

In the lower altitudes of Pittier Park the trees are deciduous. During the dry season from January through March, leaves fall as during a northern autumn. A little



higher is what Dr. Arp calls "the bearded jungle," which benefits from the mist shroud. Here branches are covered with gray, parasitic moss like the Spanish moss in the Gulf states. Above it is the evergreen jungle, in the sky, where leaves never fall, where it is perpetually September or April. This is especially the forest of the big tree ferns. Most of the trees, as in jungles everywhere, are wrapped in the snake-like coils of the strangling vines called lianas.

Now for a look at the denizens of this misty forest. The ribbon worms, for example, which have been described as "twenty-six-inch ribbons of sheer brilliance." One species is orange-colored, shading into lemon yellow at the edges, bisected by a jet black stripe. These giant worms are like flat bands of elastic; when alarmed, they are capable of stretching to nearly twice their normal length. The naturalist William Beebe, who spent months studying the animal life of Pittier Park, said of them: "To pry one loose and put it in a bottle is like pouring thick, cold molasses mixed with glue. When frightened or annoyed, they twist into knots and break into many parts." Each of these parts is capable of developing into a new animal. The worms move over the jungle moss floor at a speed of about six feet an hour.

Pittier Park is one of the last refuges on earth for a most paradoxical animal—the half-billion-year-old peripatus. Half worm, half insect, it is an obvious link between these two major orders of animal life. A reddish-brown, slow-crawling worm, divided into segments, it

often inhabits hollows high in the trees. It "ropes" its insect prey by shooting slender threads of sticky silk from its mouth, then drawing the thread around its victim. It is eagerly sought by collectors, but few have seen a living specimen, for it does not live long in captivity.

Pittier Park's reptiles include yellow snakes, blue snakes, crimson snakes, green rattlesnakes, gold-colored tree snakes, and twelve species of deadly coral snakes, ranging in color from bright red to bright green.

There are four varieties of earthworm-snakes—true serpents that have taken up a worm's way of life. One is the yellow-faced worm snake or "ant nest worm," a thread-like creature that is perhaps the smallest of snakes



*Wild-life specimens are carefully studied at Rancho Grande Biological Station*

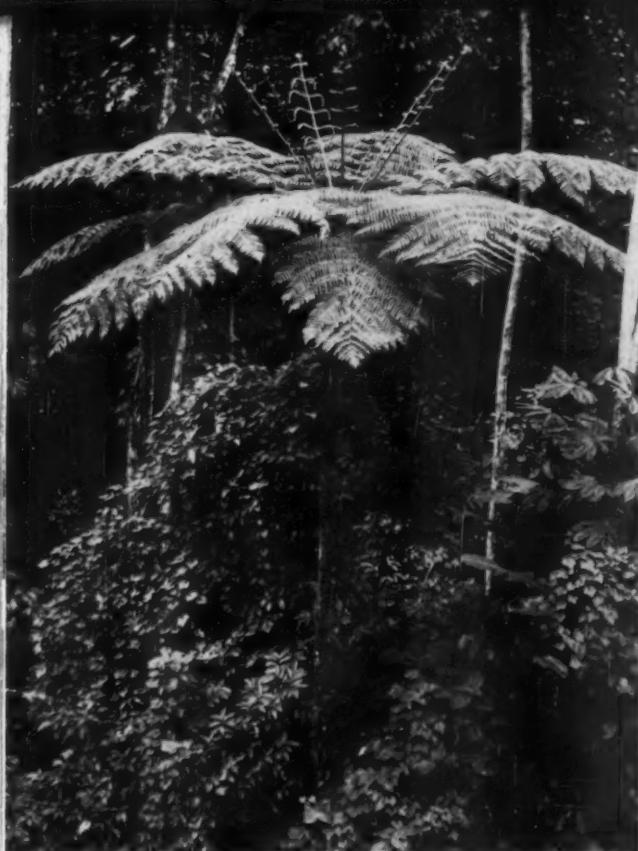
and passes most of its life in the nests of a certain species of ant. There are also gigantic but harmless boa constrictors, deadly fer-de-lances, palm vipers, and bush-masters—and along the jungle paths one may encounter a three-foot-long green lizard with spines on its back and a red comb like a rooster's.

This is the forest of ten million hummingbirds. They are green and violet, red and yellow. Some are nocturnal. One has white whiskers.

Pittier Park is also the home of purple tanagers, blue hens, white owls, and a bird of seven colors. Perhaps the most frequent object of study among the feathered creatures is the bell bird. Dr. Arp reports that it was especially fascinating to the former queen of Belgium, who recently visited the reserve. She would listen patiently for hours for its bell-like signals (actually, its sound is more like the striking of brass cymbals). About the size of a northern crow, it is black and white, with a brown head and a rough, quill-like beard. Its call carries for miles, and is usually answered by a similar clang from a treetop far away in another direction. Other



*Part of forest is deciduous, with leaves falling during January-March dry season*



Giant tree fern growing in Henri Pittier National Park, named in honor of world-famous Swiss-born scientist

birds seen flashing through the park are the seven-colored perico, with brightly hued feathers of green, blue, black, red, orange, purple, and violet; the brilliant violet honey bird; rainbow parrots; and fearsome harpy eagles.

Night comes to the shrouded jungle with the fluttering of millions of bat wings. Black, gray, and brown bats swoop through the white mist, sometimes striking the window panes of the Gómez castle. The dark mountain jungle contains few species but vast numbers of these ghoulish creatures. Strictly nocturnal, they emerge from their day-time hideouts—no one knows exactly where—to feed on nectar from the innumerable flowering trees.

Dawn comes to Pittier Park like thunder. Between midnight and morning the jungle's white shroud is cast aside. Morning begins with the wild chorus of dozens of families of howler monkeys. This is the jungle reveille—a warning to sleeping birds and mammals that the protective cover of darkness soon will be withdrawn. The champion noisemaker is the *araguato*, or red howler. About the size of a bulldog, it has a reddish coat, black face, and red beard.

Other mammals are the three-toed sloths, coated with green lichens; the gentle, defenseless dwarf deer, the size of a collie dog, which require seven years to reach maturity; the armadillos, the anteaters, the fierce jaguars.

Representing the insect world are giant, green-winged moon moths, the grasshopper with an eight-inch spread

of scarlet wings, the big white cricket that lives in tree-tops, the brown tarantula with ten furry legs attached to a body with the diameter of a silver dollar, and the terrible swarms of army ants that move with military precision over the forest floor.

The giant tree fern, characteristic of the vast ancient forests from which the coal deposits were formed, flourishes here. In the tree-fern fronds lurk worms and amphibians not very different from the creatures of the Devonian geological era. Knee-high red and pink ferns fill the jungle hollows. Around them are green "music paper" leaves, covered with parallel white lines in sets of five, with dots on the lines that look like music notes.

The most abundant and conspicuous flower of this cloud jungle is the *gallito* or "cock flower." Its orange and red blossoms appear in big clusters on huge, gray-trunked trees, with bark like rough-woven linen. Many of the trees wear thick, green coats of moss and lichens. One dark-green moss grows about an inch high and looks like a miniature cedar leaf. Many of the older trees, especially palms, are "rusty" with a species of brown lichen.

Studies at Pittier National Park are expected to yield



Rancho Grande Museum, in Pittier National Park, houses impressive collection of birds and animals that live in surrounding jungle

information on soil erosion, reforestation, and the interaction of plant and animal life, for other sections of the country where similar climatic conditions prevail. Meanwhile, outside scientists are continually attracted by this remarkable wild-life preserve. In 1945 and 1946, for example, William Beebe led an expedition there from the New York Zoological Society's Department of Tropical Research. More recently students from the Biology School of the Central University of Venezuela spent six months there. Nor is admission restricted to those with a professional interest. Anyone eager to observe tropical plants and animals is welcome at the Henri Pittier National Park. • • •



*International Fishing Olympics annually draws anglers to western Mexican port*

GUAYMAS  
ON  
THE GULF

JOANN ROE

ON THE WEST COAST of the Mexican mainland, facing the Gulf of California, sprawls the seaport of Guaymas, Sonora. An amiable town long familiar to deep-sea fishermen, it is now being discovered by the tourist en route from Nogales to Mexico City over the new West Coast Highway.

Some of the best angling in the world is found in these waters of the Gulf, which, like a gigantic natural fishtrap, reaches north for 750 miles from the Pacific to the Colorado River. The hunter also goes to Guaymas, since it backs up against rugged, rocky mountains that abound in game.

At first glance the town seems much like any other in Mexico. An overgrown village, it has broad, paved streets—and dusty alleys meant for burros, not automobiles. There are modern shops with gleaming showrooms that display farm machinery and kitchen appliances—and sidewalk peddlers selling home-made baskets for a few pesos. But a closer look at the town during a recent vacation there aroused my curiosity. In architecture and

JOANN ROE, a California free-lance writer, has worked in travel promotion and other public-relations fields.

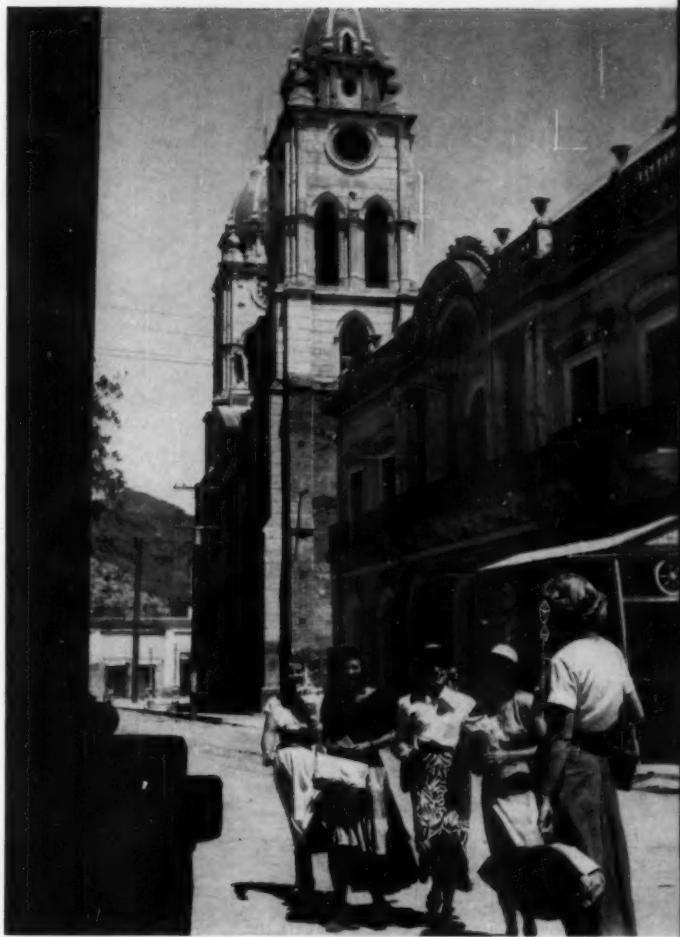
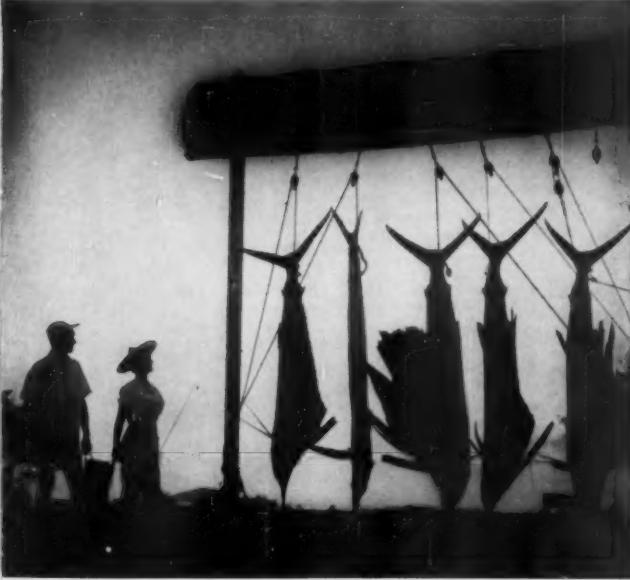
lay-out most Mexican towns faithfully mirror the influence of Spanish and native Mexican peoples. Why, then, those old frame houses—set down in adobe-walled courtyards—that could have been snatched off a New England or European street? What about the fair-haired school children, that French conversation I overheard, the occasional Oriental faces, a German name on a store front?

As I searched for the answers, a romantic history began to unfold.

Long before the town was settled, the fine natural harbor offered pirates a hidden lair from which to pounce on richly laden Spanish galleons that plied from Manila to Acapulco. Sir Francis Drake wintered "somewhere in the north," and one historian relates that the natives were so accustomed to being visited by Drake that a cry of "Drah-que" and a sail on the horizon were enough to send whole villages into the hills. Cavendish and Swan also made forays into the Vermilion Sea, as the Gulf was then known, in search of fabled cities of gold and of ships pearling off Lower California. Today the lore of Sonora includes many a tale of buried treasure and pirates' dens.

Guaymas leaped into official existence in 1701 when the Jesuit Father Salvatierra founded a mission on an estuary of the present Bay of Guaymas. Named San José de Laguna (now San José de Guaymas), it ministered to the Guaimas and Seri Indians. But it was also a base and source of supply for founding other missions. Under the direction of Salvatierra and Father Kino, Sonora's beloved "padre on horseback," exploring parties set forth from there to search for a practical overland route to California, still believed by some to be an island. Near the mission, a settlement of soldiers and their families, a few storekeepers, and several men of fortune grew into a town.

*Sailfish and marlin abound in Gulf of California*



*Bargain-hunting. Tourist trade has grown since completion of paved West Coast Highway*

When rich gold and silver deposits were uncovered in the mountains of Sonora, Guaymas became a port of entry for adventurers from all over the world. Many stayed, intermarried, and became Mexican citizens. Among the European immigrants were a number of German importers and shopkeepers, quiet and well liked by the Mexicans. Some of the richer Germans built the frame houses, reminiscent of their homeland, that still stand on the main street.

In the middle of the nineteenth century, Guaymas became the focus of a brief but decisive war. The incident began far away in brawling San Francisco, with a group of disgruntled Frenchmen who had joined the gold rush to California but were unable to adjust to differences in language and customs. Distrusted by the other gold-seekers, the French prospectors found the pickings slim and began to drift southward, searching for a warmer welcome in a Latin country. Some gravitated to the cities of Sonora and set up shop; others staked profitable claims in the near-by mountains.

One of these Frenchmen, an unscrupulous adventurer,



*Lines running from Guaymas power plant (below) electrify surrounding countryside*

was Count de Raousset-Boulbon. Obtaining permission from Mexico, he led a group of French, German, and Irish colonists by ship to Guaymas, then took them to the northern part of the state to establish an agricultural colony. The colonists found it impossible to scratch a living from the arid soil, and while Raousset was off in San Francisco recruiting more followers, most of them drifted back to Guaymas and more hospitable sections of Mexico. By 1854 only a handful remained.

Meanwhile, the ambitious Raousset, under the pretext of rejoining his colonists, boldly sailed into Guaymas harbor with a boatload of soldiers. When local officials protested, Raousset allayed their fears by offering his men as a paid foreign legion, under the authority of the Mexican Army, to protect the northern border of Sonora. While negotiating this agreement, Raousset was busily stirring other Sonoran cities to revolt. Shut off from the rest of Mexico by the rugged Sierra Madre, they would ask to be annexed to the United States.

Raousset marched first on Hermosillo, and easily took the defenseless city. But by the time he had set up headquarters there sympathy for his revolution had dissipated, and he had to fight his way back to Guaymas and his ship. There he was greeted by armed militia. After a lively skirmish, the revolutionaries were captured. Most of his men were either pardoned or banished from Mexico, but Raousset died before a firing squad.

Sixty years later, in 1913, Guaymas again came under abortive fire when, during the Mexican Revolution, Lieutenant Gustavo Salinas, flying a small Curtiss-Wright plane over the Gulf, aimed three or four amateurish bombs at a passing ship—and missed. This gave the



Mexican Army the dubious distinction of being the first to drop bombs from an aircraft.

Today Sonora's leading port, Guaymas is also a thriving commercial center. Truck farms, meat-packing plants, and tuna canneries flourish in and around the town. The giant Gulf shrimp and delicate oysters have yielded both pleasure and profit to fishermen. Some years ago shrimp production suddenly and unaccountably fell off, but now, just as mysteriously, the shrimp have begun to increase again until they are a major export item.

Before World War II, the profitable shrimp beds near Guaymas attracted the Japanese. By agreement with the Mexican Government, their fleets paid for fishing rights in the area, on the basis of their total catch. Subsequently, when aliens were barred from shrimp-fishing, the Mexican authorities discovered that they had been swindled, for a new Mexican refrigeration plant, with capacity based on the catch reported by the Japanese, proved totally inadequate.

According to Luis Canalizo, an old-timer who operates the Miramar Hotel in Guaymas, the fishermen had also doubled as spies, and detailed charts of the Gulf of California coast were found in their possession.

Today Guaymas relations with the Japanese are far more pleasant. Many of the local truck farmers come from the Orient and work in Sonora's fastest-growing industry. Modern irrigation has transformed thousands of acres of land in this region where once only mesquite and scrub grasses would grow. The southern part of Guaymas Valley is irrigated from wells, and plans are under way to irrigate the northern part with Yaqui River water.

Irrigation was introduced during the Porfirio Diaz regime by U. S. land companies, and the reclamation drove many Indians off their ancient properties. When land reforms began in 1938, foreign holdings were sharply restricted. Now a majority of the stock in any land company must be held by Mexicans. A company is permitted to control as much as five thousand acres, but most of the farms are smaller. Under the Agrarian Law an individual farmer is allowed water for 450 acres; with his own well, he may own up to a thousand acres.

During the past ten years, agricultural prices have soared. Guaymas Valley produces badly needed wheat and rye for home consumption (Mexico still imports some grain staples); chickpeas, largely for export to Spain and Cuba; and vegetables, especially tomatoes, which ripen before U. S. crops are ready for market.

Higher production from Sonora farms is one reason Guaymas must expand its port facilities. The current cotton boom in the U. S. Southwest is also partly responsible, since it is cheaper for growers to ship from Guaymas than from Los Angeles or San Francisco, both several hundred miles away. The Mexican Government is underwriting the port expansion; dredging operations and modernization of cargo-handling facilities are progressing rapidly.

The shipping boom has brought many new residents to Guaymas. Then, of course, there are the tourists, mostly bound for Bocochimbampo Bay two miles north of town.



Bumper wheat crop, made possible by irrigation, helps to cut Mexican dependence on imported foodstuffs



Packing giant Guaymas shrimp, a major export item

Ringed by jagged cliffs that loom above broad beaches, this is the anchorage for the sport-fishing fleet. Modern motels and a first-rate hotel take care of the annual influx of guests for the International Fishing Olympics, when marlin and sailfish become as common as guppies.

♦ ♦ ♦

Dining room of resort hotel, the Playa de Cortés



# Know Your Neighbors' Ports?

Answers on page 38



1. Was Puerto Montt, in southern Chile, named for a British admiral, a Chilean statesman, or an Argentine general?

2. Formerly called Bahia, Salvador is a leading port discovered by the Portuguese. Is it located in the Bahamas, Brazil, or Central America?

3. Today a mass of moss-covered ruins against a backdrop of rugged hills, this was named "Beautiful Port" by Columbus and was the gathering point for the treasure-laden galleons bound for Spain from the New World. Can you guess its name and location?

4. Buenos Aires, port and capital of Argentina, derived its name from Santa Maria del \_\_\_\_\_, the patroness of sailors. Fill in the space.

5. Another loading point for the spoils of the conquistadors, \_\_\_\_\_, Peru, was the scene of a battle in which the Chilean Navy, under the English admiral Lord Cochrane, defeated the Spanish Royal Navy during the wars of liberation. Fill in the blank.

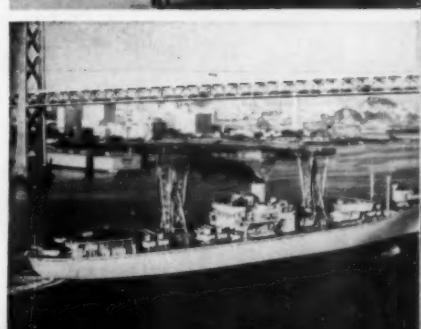
6. What is the name of this port, located on a small island off the Pacific coast, that serves the Colombian cities of Bogotá, Popayán, and Cali?

7. This roadstead, on a peninsula west of La Guaira, Venezuela, owes its name to its tranquil waters, where, according to some of the early settlers, "it was possible to fasten a ship with a hair." Can you name it?

8. This port, close to one of the Central American capital cities, is known for its wide sandy streets. Is it named Puerto Arenas, Arenoso, or Puntarenas?

9. Montevideo harbor, now the site of a modern, bustling port city that is the capital of Uruguay, was discovered in 1519 by a famous Portuguese explorer. Was it Elcano, Magellan, or Cabot?

10. The world's longest suspension bridge spans the bay of a well-known U.S. port city. Name the bridge and the port.



# Moneybags

FROM COLOMBIA

KURT SEVERIN

THE NEWCOMER to the Department of Antioquia, Colombia, soon becomes aware of the ubiquitous *carriel*, a unique money pouch traditionally carried by the men. Slung jauntily over the shoulder, this accordion-pleated, fur-covered, patent-leather-trimmed purse has become the trade-mark of the thrifty Antioquian, much as the fur-embellished sporran worn in front of the kilt typifies the Scottish Highlander.

To the owner, the *carriel* serves as a combination cash register and desk drawer, with a built-in filing system. Made of the finest available leather, it contains five ac-

*The German-born photographer KURT SEVERIN lives in Miami and specializes in Latin America.*

*Carriel-maker shows three favorite versions of handbag. Though form never varies, prices do according to quality of leather used*

cordion-pleated sections and some secret pockets. The outside flap is decorated with any one of several varieties of furs, the most popular being nutria and jaguar. While the pattern and proportions are fairly standard, the *carrieles* may vary in detail (they come in eight different sizes, and the patent leather may be black or red).

Most *carrieles* are made in the town of Envigado, about ten miles outside Medellin, where craftsmen have been turning them out for generations. Ranging in price from about seven to fourteen dollars, they are slowly finding their way into the hands of foreign women, who, unlike the ladies of Antioquia, readily adopt them as something new in handbags. • • •

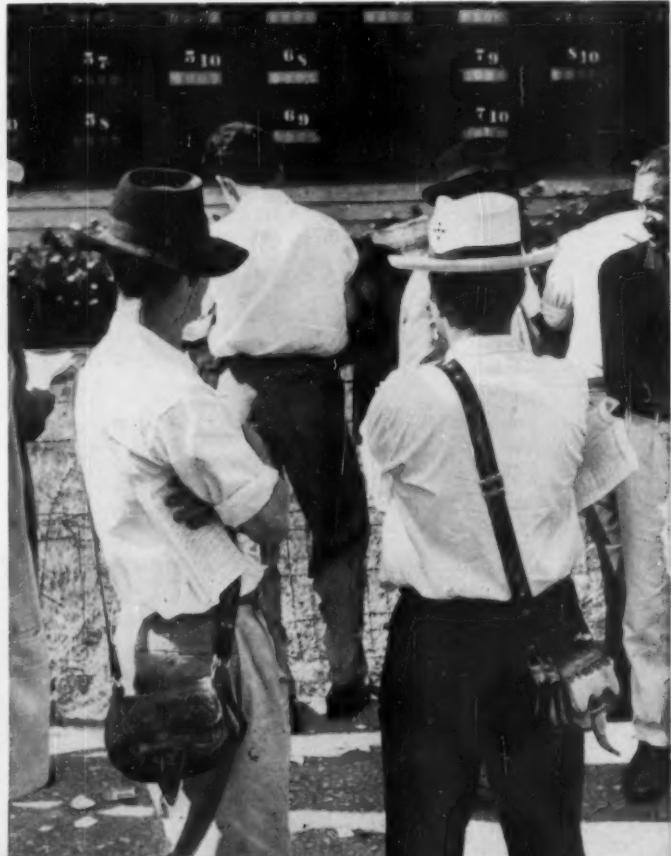




*Young assistant pins nutria skin on boards for drying in the sun  
Wherever money changes hands in Antioquia, look for the carriel*



*Jaguar skin is one of the favorite decorations for men's handbags  
Even bookmakers are recognized by carrieles over their shoulders*





*Accordion-like compartments are trimmed with patent leather  
Newsboys use a smaller version of the bag*



*So-called secret pockets are standard in all bags  
Author shows off one made especially for camera-toting*





## FROM THE NEWSSTANDS

### MADE TO ORDER

MIGUEL ÁNGEL ASTURIAS, an outstanding Guatemalan novelist, frequently writes for the Sunday literary supplement of the Caracas daily *El Nacional*. In this article he outlines a problem that is becoming more and more acute:

... In Paris I took the pulse of the novel . . . and found, unfortunately, that it beats mechanically . . . , like an alarm clock for awakening confused emotions, most of them sexual and others as yet unnamed. . . . I was surprised and saddened. I felt the flesh . . . , and it was synthetic. In desperation, I looked into the eyes . . . , and they were like the glass orbs of a stuffed animal. . . . The novel does talk . . . , however, but not the same language as mine. Its language is the kind found in conversation manuals for foreigners—correct, but with no emotion or feeling. Everything seems to have been learned by rote . . . , but none of it is foolish. Quite the contrary. . . . Each sentence states—or tries to state—the principal unsolved problems of our time, . . . but in such a way that it all seems unrelated to human life. . . .

“After a while I found the explanation. . . . The large publishing houses in France have become ‘factories.’ ‘Novel manufacturers’ have taken the place of novelists. . . . Novels are turned out like shoes, automobiles, airplanes, and guided missiles. . . . The ‘novel factories’ call the public’s attention to their products by means of commercialized ‘literary awards,’ which neither surprise nor excite anyone. It would be the same thing if a toothpaste manufacturer, in order to launch a new brand, were to give a prize to the brightest set of teeth—porcelain den-

tures in the mouth of a mannequin. . . .

“I didn’t think I would be lucky enough to meet one of the ‘masters,’ but Paris is a labyrinth where the most unexpected awaits. . . . He was a blessed mortal who will become ‘immortal.’ Clad in a Chinese kimono, maroon trousers, and an ascot, he was using a foot-long cigarette holder, wore makeup, and was doused with perfume. . . . Everything in the small living room was mysterious and exotic. In the rather coquettish dining room I found champagne on ice and trays of hors d’oeuvres. . . . I felt disoriented, and I was quite surprised . . . when he asked me for some facts he wanted to include in a novel he had ‘in the making.’

“‘I need to put in a Maya Indian,’ he said.

“‘What about me?’ I almost replied.

“Briefly, without extra details, I want you to describe an Indian of your country. In my novel, this Maya must fall hopelessly in love with a young woman who has gone in search of the Inca treasure lost in Yucatan.”

“. . . I was telling him about the Mayas when he interrupted: ‘This Indian farmer is no good for my purposes. The character I need must be a warrior, must rebel against his masters. Aren’t you Aztecs—?’

“. . . Since the noted author was happily confusing Incas with Mayas, Aztecs with Incas, and so on, I decided to draw on my imagination. . . . He took down every word. . . .

“‘Now you see how a novel is made.’

“‘Yes,’ I replied, meekly.

“‘I need this novel for the book awards. It must come out soon. I think this year it might win a prize. . . . With the facts you gave me . . . and a trip I made to Martinique, I have everything I need.’

“This is all true. I received countless offers from publishers who wanted me to sign a contract for a new novel. They even told me to make it thus-and-so, to use such-and-such a theme. . . . I was about to tell them I don’t ‘make’ novels, but I was afraid they might retort: ‘Then you’re no novelist.’

“Actually I *am* a novelist, . . . but I don’t ‘manufacture’ novels. I have them within me, and I write them, simply, unhurriedly, without any idea that they will be published or read, or will win prizes. Unlike the Europeans of today who ‘make’ their novels, we Americans draw ours from our blood, from our roots. However, we must constantly be on guard against . . . the lures of the ‘novel-manufacturing business.’”

### SUPERTHING

SÉRGIO MILLIET, Brazilian poet, essayist, and critic, writes in the daily *O Estado de São Paulo* that “we are living in an age of superlatives, with language following the inflationary trend.”

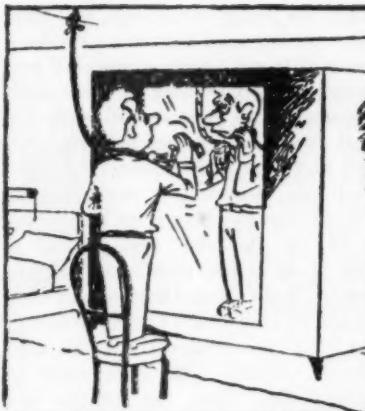
“There was a time when Brazilians used the word *coisa* (thing) to describe whatever they had in mind. They even used it as a verb: to ‘thing’ this, to ‘thing’ that. . . . Now we have graduated to the prefix ‘super.’ The other day I heard a superprogram that made a superoffer to its listeners. A supervocalist sings a popular supersong. You go to a supertheater to see a supermovie, presented at a gala superevening, as part of a supercampaign to encourage the superproduction of our supercoffee, which you can buy at a supermarket. Then you visit a supercabaret, where you drink superwhisky in order to get some supersleep. And so on and on, in an endless chain of superactivity. . . .

“Back from a long trip, my friend Ulysses was surprised to find that we had supergasoline in Brazil and that nobody was buying ordinary gas. What was the use of carrying the plain stuff if everybody wanted the fancy, he wanted to know. I had to explain that it was just like the milk situation. We have three types of milk: A, B, and C. The first is for those who like to put milk in their coffee, because they are partial to light colors; the second, for those who consider milk a useful food for mother cats; and the third, for those who must

deceive hungry children. 'But what about people who really like milk or need it?' he asked. 'Well, they have to buy supermilk . . . , the only sort that's like ordinary milk anywhere else in the world. Ulysses decided it would be smart business to set up a super-dairy. He made lots of money, bought a supercadillac, and took a supertrip in a Superconstellation. . . .

"Pessimists claim that vagueness and excesses in language are a symptom of spiritual poverty. That's a mistake. The more imaginative the man, the less precise his language. Words that are too exact in their meaning have no suggestive power. . . . If I say that I like a certain lady, it's obvious that I don't love her. But if I have a 'thing' about her, I leave room for many shades of meaning. . . . And suppose I say 'superthing'? Why, that's pure poetry!"

"Guilherme de Almeida, the poet, once told me a story about a lady who told her maid: 'Go over to the thing and thing that thing, will you?' The maid went to the closet, took out a blouse, and ironed it. 'And was that what she meant?' I asked, very curious. 'No, she wanted the maid to go to the kitchen and fry some turnovers. But what can you expect from a low-paid servant who had just been jilted by the baker?' . . ."



—El Comercio, Lima

dors were talking . . . when one suddenly reminded the other of his promise to give him a hammock from Nicaragua.

"But it must be a colored hammock," I interrupted. "There are blue hammocks for blue reverie, and iris-colored hammocks will waft you into the airiest regions of dreamland."

"Paraguayan hammocks are famous," added an Argentine philosopher. "They say the hammock originated with the Taino Indians, or rather the Arawaks. Actually, it was probably first used somewhere in Brazil."

"Someone should do a sociological study on the hammock."

"First of all its geographical distribution should be analyzed. It surely arrived in Yucatan as a result of contacts between the Mayas and the Tainos of Cuba, before the arrival of [the Spanish conquistador] Grijalva."

"And which are the best hammocks in America?"

"There's no question about that. Those made of white agave fiber."

"No one has written an ode to the hammock! Not even Chocano. The chroniclers of the Indies mentioned them, but only in passing."

"Everyone knows that Pánfilo de Narváez was defeated because he was sleeping peacefully in a hammock when Cortés attacked. . . ."

"In Guerrero, Mexico, Emma Reh found some Indians who spend the whole day in hammocks, strumming on guitars. Branches of ripe bananas hang above them, and they have devised a method of grabbing a banana with two toes so that they don't have

to get up even to eat."

"I insist that Paraguayan hammocks are famous."

"On the coast of Peru they make delightful hammocks. Remember that Pizarro had a hammock hung between two fig trees in his palace in Lima."

"That's impossible. The fig tree isn't strong enough, and it's too low. . . ."

"I'm going to write an essay on the art of sleeping in a hammock."

[For further hammock information, see "The Hammock of Bolívar," April 1951 AMERICAS.]

## ONE DAY FROM TOLUCA

WRITING in the lively English-language magazine *Mexico This Month*, published in Mexico City under the editorship of Anita Brenner, Virginia B. de García reminds the visitor that there is much more to see around the town of Toluca than its popular weekly Friday market:

" . . . [The] Pastejé [ranch, just north of Toluca, is] representative . . . of an industry and way of life that until only a few years ago set the pattern both economically and socially for the Toluca country. The wealth was concentrated in land, corn, and cattle—both brave bulls and a large dairy industry. Under the land-distribution plan of the Government, these large haciendas were broken up. Now many small farmers and communal groups are included among those who cultivate the fields, but the corn is still harvested three times a year and dairies in the region still supply most of Mexico City's milk. The most famous breeds of fighting bulls still come from . . . Pastejé, San Mateo, and Atenco, [and] . . . it is frequently possible to get permission from the owners to go in and look around."

"On the way back from Pastejé . . . are the ruins of Calixtlahuaca, an Aztec outpost that protected the Empire from raids by neighboring Tarascans. The ruins that have been excavated are distributed on varying levels. . . . From the loftiest site, which consists of a large pyramid-base thought to have supported a temple to the God of Rain and a central square surrounded by smaller structures, you can look out over a countryside typical of the To-



—Bohemia, Havana

## SWING AND SWAY

WHAT do diplomats talk about in their spare time? Writing in the monthly publication of the Honduran Rotary Clubs, *Honduras Rotaria*, Rafael Heliodoro Valle, former Ambassador to the United States and the OAS, recalls one conversation:

"Two Spanish American ambassa-

luca [area]: a great open plain cut into tiny squares by rows of maguey plants. . . .

"On the next level . . . is a temple of an unusual circular shape that was probably dedicated to the many-faceted Quetzalcoatl . . . in his role of Ehecatl, the Wind God. On the plain, at the foot of the hill, are what appear to be the foundations of a many-roomed structure, possibly priestly living quarters. Here at the lower ruin you will be surrounded by Indians with idols and pottery. It is highly improbable that they will be selling anything made earlier than the month before, but the figures and pots have a fine antique style [and] cost only a few pesos. . . .

"If you like drama in your scenery, go up to the Nevado de Toluca; at 15,635 feet [it is] the fourth-highest mountain in Mexico. It is an extinct volcano, and a road reaches to the border of the crater, passable with safety in a good car (preferably a jeep) or on horseback at all times of the year except the rainy season. . . . At the very top there are no living things—not a bird, not an insect, only great reaches of glittering white snow, broken here and there by rocky peaks.

"There are legends that the Indian inhabitants of the Valley of Toluca . . . used to offer sacrifices to their Rain God there, casting the most beautiful maidens into the depths of the crater from the peaks above; and also, that part of Montezuma's treasure was thrown into the lake to keep it safe from the Spanish conquistadors. Some Spanish Republicans are reputed to have done the same thing a few years ago with the treasure that they [brought] from Franco Spain. . . .

"[South of Toluca, about a mile off] the road to the hot springs at Ixtapan de la Sal, is Metepec, . . . the pottery-making center of the Valley. . . . Market day is on Monday. The clay figurines and candelabra made here—and painted bright fuchsia, purple, green, and gold—are unique, and connoisseurs of the crafts consider them top collectors' items.

"Back on the main highway—in excellent condition all the way—the descent is gradual at first, and then about thirty minutes away from Toluca the road begins to drop more abruptly through gorges . . . until a few minutes

later you reach Tenancingo, still more than six thousand feet above sea level, but with a soft, warm climate all year round. . . . The town is particularly famous for its *rebozos*—some so fine that they can be drawn through a finger ring—and fruit liqueurs . . . [that] cost only three or four pesos per bottle. Market day here is on Sunday.

"Above the town, high enough so that it is in the middle of the pine woods, is the Santo Desierto of Tenancingo, an abandoned Carmelite monastery that was built early in the nineteenth century. The same order of monks that built the church and monastery in the Desert of the Lions near Mexico City in the early seventeenth century, becoming weary of the many travelers who invaded their retreat, took themselves off to these far hills and peaceful surroundings.



"Uncle Vicente?"—Vea y Lea, Buenos Aires

"Tenancingo is the starting point for a trip to Malinalco and Chalma. The road, which leads first to Malinalco, only nine miles away, is difficult but is being worked on constantly. . . . This trip can be made by bus, [on] a line called Toluca-Tenancingo-Ixtapan de la Sal, which makes trips to Malinalco and the Sanctuary of Chalma. These motorized miracles manage to pass even during the rainy season when sensible people never risk it by car.

"What is there in Malinalco worth such an expedition? Two things. The town itself with its ancient church and monastery founded in 1540. . . . It is one of the early fortress-type churches, built of stones from the Indian temples that stood there long before.

"Behind the town, reached by a path that winds upward almost half a mile, is one of the most remarkable pre-Hispanic ruins in Mexico. The part that is excavated is built on a shelf cut into the mountainside, and the main temple is a round chamber carved into the rock. Even the circular bench carved along the wall, with three majestic sculptures (two eagles and a jaguar), was chiseled out of the same stone, a monolithic masterpiece. The narrow entrance is carved in the shape of a serpent's mouth, the tongue serving as a sort of entrance carpet. Outside, on the very edge of the cliff, is a large, flat, circular stone on which gladiatorial sacrifices were probably held.

"This whole area was heavily populated at the time of the Spaniards' arrival, but so well protected by the surrounding mountains that it was almost fifteen years before the conquerors could get in. A focal point for the Spanish friars was the town of Chalma, down the road from Malinalco, where a strong religious cult to the God of the Caves, Ozotéotl, functioned.

"In 1537, two Augustine friars went into the region for the first time. They managed to substitute a cross for the image of the Cave God, and the Indians, baptized and catechized, transferred their religious fervor and dancing fraternities to the Lord of Chalma. It has since become one of the two or three most important religious pilgrimages in the country, though until the last few years it meant a one- or two-day trip on horseback, or afoot, for most pilgrims. The special feast days here are the week before Christmas and Easter Week, but pilgrims go out of season, too, because of the reputed miraculous powers of the image of Chalma. . . ."

#### ANSWERS TO QUIZ on page 32

1. A Chilean statesman.
2. Brazil.
3. Portobelo, Panama.
4. Buen Aire.
5. Callao, Peru.
6. Buenaventura.
7. Puerto Cabello.
8. Puntarenas, Costa Rica.
9. Magellan.
10. Golden Gate Bridge, San Francisco.



## BOOKS

### RECENT U.S. NON-FICTION

**THE AGE OF ROOSEVELT: THE CRISIS OF THE OLD ORDER, 1919-1933**, by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. Boston, Houghton Mifflin Company, 1957. 557 p. \$6.00

**THEODORE ROOSEVELT, AND THE RISE OF AMERICA TO WORLD POWER**, by Howard K. Beale. Baltimore, The Johns Hopkins Press, 1957. 600 p. \$6.00

**TIDES OF CRISIS: A PRIMER OF FOREIGN RELATIONS**, by A. A. Berle, Jr. New York, Reynal and Company, 1957. 328 p. \$4.00

**THE YOKE AND THE ARROWS: A REPORT ON SPAIN**, by Herbert L. Matthews. New York, George Braziller, Inc., 1957. 203 p. \$3.75

**KINGDOM OF THE SAINTS: THE STORY OF BRIGHAM YOUNG AND THE MORMONS**, by Ray B. West, Jr. New York, The Viking Press, 1957. 389 p. \$6.00

**PROFESSIONAL AMATEUR: THE BIOGRAPHY OF CHARLES FRANKLIN KETTERING**, by T. A. Boyd. New York, E. P. Dutton and Company, 1957. 242 p. Illus. \$4.50

**THE PECULIAR INSTITUTION: SLAVERY IN THE ANTE-BELLUM SOUTH**, by Kenneth M. Stampp. New York, Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., 1957. 436 p. \$5.75

**A CITIZEN LOOKS AT CONGRESS**, by Dean Acheson. New York, Harper and Brothers, 1957. 124 p. \$2.50

**THE EMPEROR CHARLES THE FIFTH**, by Royall Tyler. Fair Lawn, New Jersey, Essential Books, Inc., 1957. 375 p. \$7.50

**THE LION AND THE THRONE: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF SIR EDWARD COKE**, by Catherine Drinker Bowen. Boston, Little Brown and Company (Atlantic Monthly Press Book), 1957. 652 p. \$6.00

**LOW'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY**, by David Low. New York, Simon and Shuster, Inc., 1957. 387 p. Illus. \$5.00

**WITH LOVE FROM GRACIE**, by Grace Hegger Lewis. New York, Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1957. 335 p. \$5.75

**THE ROAD TO MONTE CRISTO: THE MEMOIRS OF ALEXANDRE DUMAS**, edited by Jules Eckert Goodman. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1957. 395 p. \$5.95

**THE WORLD'S GREAT RELIGIONS**. New York, Time, Inc., 1957. 310 p. Illus. \$13.50

**TO SEE THE DREAM**, by Jessamyn West. New York, Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1957. 314 p. \$3.95

*Reviewed by Hubert Herring*

The bookshelf of non-fiction published in the United States during the past six months is a crowded one, loaded with books of sheer delight, inviting the reader down many familiar roads and out into detours along unfamiliar trails. It is hard to choose among them. This reviewer simply picks a few that have excited him.

Books on the Roosevelts—T. R. and F. D. R.—continue to keep the presses turning. No two men in U.S. history have excited more adulation, or more abuse, and historians will long be busy examining the record and describing the deeds of those two ebullient men.

Admirers of the second Roosevelt have been eagerly awaiting the book promised by brilliant young Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., on *The Age of Roosevelt*. It now turns out that it will run into several volumes, and the first has now appeared, *The Crisis of the Old Order, 1919-1933*. Here on a broad and dramatic canvas are gathered up the events that lie back of that bleak March day in 1933 when the fifty-one-year-old Franklin Delano Roosevelt took over the rule of a harassed nation with his words of courage: "The only thing we have to fear is fear itself." Beautifully written (it is pleasant to know that history professors can write), with quick insights and a wealth of material, the book reviews what happened to the United States under Woodrow Wilson, Warren Gamaliel Harding, Calvin Coolidge, and Herbert Hoover. It is history told in social, economic, and political terms: the story of diplomacy and world affairs; the record of what happened to toilers in mills and factories and to farmers from Maine to California; the saga of bankers, mill hands, ward politicians, and itinerant workers fleeing the dust bowl for a promised land. It is the story of young Roosevelt, son of privilege, stricken by polio in his thirties; of his overfond mother and devoted wife; of his political schooling in the New York legislature, in the Navy Department during World War I, in the governor's chair in Albany, and through the campaign of 1932 that brought him to the presidency in one of the most dreadful periods in the whole history of the United States.

The book will excite many critics of F.D.R. to anger—they will argue that Mr. Schlesinger has dealt too harshly with Herbert Hoover and too leniently with Franklin D.

Roosevelt. They will say that he has not adequately pictured the provoking political expediency that marked so many chapters in F.D.R.'s career, that he has not fully admitted the lack of economic knowledge that made him content with patchwork measures, not reckoned with his seemingly irresponsible treatment of subordinates. But those who admire F.D.R. will love this book. Although it is still too early for anyone to write about Franklin Delano Roosevelt, I join the hundreds of thousands who will read this book with praise for a job beautifully contrived, as fine a job as has been done for many a year.

And for perspective on Franklin Roosevelt, here is an excellent new book on Theodore Roosevelt (how alike the two men were in exuberance, in occasional seeming recklessness—and yet how unlike). Howard K. Beale's *Theodore Roosevelt, and the Rise of America to World Power* is a magnificent contribution to the understanding of what happened to the United States within the span of half a century—the shift from an insular nation to one of the world's two chief powers. Historians have dealt savagely with the Rough Rider, and many of his performances invited such treatment, but he comes off better under Professor Beale's careful hand. T.R. and his friends set out to make their America great: they would not be content until the Stars and Stripes waved over more of the earth; they shared Kipling's vision of carrying the "white man's burden" to sundry coral strands. T.R. hugely enjoyed his role in playing god to a bungling world (as did his distant cousin, F.D.R.). He was forever telling the rulers of earth how to behave—Wilhelm of Germany, the Russian Czar, the masters of Japan, the war lords of China. He also had much to say to some rulers in Latin America, not always very sensible things, and certainly far from tactful. (The name of T.R. is not revered in Latin America—they still remember the way he "took" Panama.) Belligerent of speech, although usually not belligerent in action, he had much to do in shaping our policy with Russia, Japan, China, and Europe. He frankly liked wars—he learned that in his Spanish-American War histrionics. He liked navies, and had immense pleasure in ordering the U.S. fleet to steam around the world. He was the first U.S. president to involve his nation on a wholesale scale in world affairs, and his record stands as the first chapter in the story of the rise of the United States to world power. Whether he should be applauded or condemned there continues to be some disagreement.

Mr. Berle's primer of foreign relations, *Tides of Crisis*, is a master's introduction to the nagging complexities of our troubled world. He incisively summarizes the pitfalls and promises of U.S. leadership in world affairs. His chapters on Latin America, an area that he knows as well as any man living, are excellent. His pages on the "crisis areas"—Central Europe, the Middle East, the Asian coast—and "colonialism" are cool and precise dissections of current policies, those of the United States particularly. This is the book to put into the hands of young people who are trying to understand the headlines.

Mr. Matthews' report on Spain is far and away the



most trenchant and moving book about Generalissimo Franco's badgered land (with the possible exception of Gerald Brenan's *Spanish Labyrinth*). Herbert Matthews writes so well and so truly because he has loved so well—Spain, its people, its past and future. Friends of liberty are again reminded of how much they owe the *New York Times* (in whose high command Matthews occupies an honored place) for its calm, accurate, and thoughtful interpretations of Spain and Spanish America.

A fine bit of Americana is Mr. West's *Kingdom of the Saints*, the story of that heroic band of the followers of the Prophet Joseph Smith who fought their way across the United States to the bleak plateau of Utah, where they carved out their empire with such skill and daring. This was American free enterprise, bold and imaginative. It is largely the story of Brigham Young, perhaps not an attractive figure but certainly superb in his mastery of men and nature. No matter what the outsider may think of the theology and cosmology that drove the Mormons on, few will withhold admiration for their achievements.

To the books on the United States, add Mr. Boyd's biography of Charles F. Kettering, the genius of General Motors in whose laboratories were developed so many of the new devices that made the automobile the servant of man. It is not a distinguished biography, but the subject of it is so fascinating that it deserves wide reading. I shall hand this book on to my fifteen-year-old son, who knows a great deal about carburetors and such mysterious items.

One of the finest contributions to U.S. history is Mr. Stampp's study of slavery in the ante-bellum South, *The Peculiar Institution*. Based upon fresh and exhaustive research on the realities of life among the slaves, it brings escape from both the sentimentalists and the apologists for that "peculiar" institution. The reader gets fresh and frightening insights into what slavery did to the souls and minds of millions. It is not a pretty account, but it is true and honest.

Former Secretary of State Dean Acheson, in his *A Citizen Looks at Congress*, applies a sharp scalpel to the problem of the division of power between the U.S. president and Congress. While he stresses the necessity of strong presidential leadership, he has excellent counsel for Congress. Too often has congressional action been

carping and irresponsible, too often have congressional investigating committees sought the headlines rather than the truth, too often have meager and dull-witted men negated the best efforts of wiser men. The president has his jobs, the Congress has its jobs. But he asks: "Can the Congress discipline itself to do its own job, and not try to do the executive's job? Those who know it best have their doubts. . . . But I venture to say that upon the measure of its achievement will depend the future of representative government. . . ."

Further afield in history, Mr. Tyler's treatise on Charles V of the Holy Roman Empire—and King of Spain—is a rewarding volume for all who are interested in the Spanish and European background of Spanish America in the sixteenth century. A lonely, tragic, immensely able man, a failure in terms of European policies, Charles V was a notable success in his handling of the New American Empire which the conquerors had won. There is much that is fresh in this delightful book.

Mrs. Bowen, affectionately admired for her earlier portrait of Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, *Yankee from Olympus*, and for her *John Adams and the American Revolution*, has produced an even more impressive and exciting volume on Sir Edward Coke, *The Lion and the Throne*. It is the glowing portrait of a great age in England, the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries, in which one of the most brilliant lawyers in English history served his monarchs and his nation with brave independence. Elizabeth and James I, Sir Walter Raleigh and Essex, and many another, are brought to life in her narrative.

David Low, the greatest living cartoonist, now tells his story. He has known the great of England and of other lands, he has delighted them, jabbed them, tortured them—for their own good, and for their nations' good. And now he tells about his experiences as he has applied his needle to all sorts of men, lords, ladies, and jockeys, for half a century. Few of the leading statesmen of England—Conservative, Liberal, or Labour—have influenced the thinking of Britain longer or more profoundly. It was Shaw who wrote of Low:

Unhappy Low, lie down.  
Unhappy lies the head that wears a crown.

Grace Hegger Lewis' *With Love from Gracie* is a delicate, poignant, and always affectionate piece of reminiscence on her thirteen years as the wife of Sinclair Lewis. It was during those years that the brilliant and untamed Lewis wrote his major novels, contributing handsomely



to the ability of the U.S. people to look their own civilization in the face. It is written with calm candor, and one learns much about the stubborn adolescence of "Red" Lewis, who never grew up but who was one of the most useful probers of U.S. life that ever lived.

Mr. Goodman's condensation of *The Memoirs of Alexandre Dumas* is about as fine a gift as the bookmakers have passed on to their loyal vassals for many a day. Here we have the young Dumas, getting educated, falling in love, fighting in the streets of Paris, climbing to fame. Every paragraph is a delight. Finely translated and well edited.

The ubiquitous, omniscient, and restless editors of *Life* are to be thanked for the overwhelmingly handsome *The World's Great Religions*, with handfuls of the loveliest reproductions of everything from the Michelangelo murals in the Sistine Chapel to the Golden Buddha in Bangkok. Much of the text is thoughtful, some of it is superb—and a little of it seems tiresome (but, then, the editors had to please a lot of people). A lovely and provocative book for the whole family, it belongs next to the family Bible.

Jessamyn West's detour into autobiography, *To See the Dream*, deals with a year's experience in Hollywood during the filming of her earlier novel on the Quakers, *The Friendly Persuasion*. Humorous, wistful, filled with flashes of insight on people and places, it makes the reader very well acquainted—and very much in love—with the author. And what more can any book do than that, especially when the author is so filled with life and truth and charm as Jessamyn West?

*Hubert Herring, a professor at Claremont Graduate School in California, reports regularly for AMERICAS on U.S. books.*

## A LAND OF TURMOIL

**PARAGUAY**, by Philip Raine. New Brunswick, New Jersey, The Scarecrow Press, 1956. 443 p. \$8.50

*Reviewed by Justo Pastor Benítez*

Philip Raine's is only the latest of several recent U.S. books on Paraguay worthy of mention for their comprehension and equanimity. The others, I might say, are Harris Gaylord Warren's *Paraguay: An Informal History* (1949) and Elmon R. and Helen S. Service's valuable sociological study *Tobati, Paraguayan Town* (1954). What this proves is that North American scholars are beginning to pay some attention to a country that Raine himself describes as isolated in geography and in history. These are not historical evocations like Charles Washburn's, in 1871, or the novelized approach of Edward Lucas White in dealing with the Paraguayan Sphinx "El Supremo," or A. Curtis Wilgus' references in *South American Dictators*. That sort of thing is out of date now; it has given way to the realization that the history of Paraguay is not the biography of its dictators but the fruit of its people's efforts. And this without prejudice to Raine's penetrating observation that Paraguay boasts two candidates for places in world history, Dr. José Gaspar Rodríguez Francia and Marshal Francisco Solano López—both powerfully attractive to foreigners.

All three books are very sympathetic toward Paraguay. Warren's was a meritorious history (if, indeed, he allowed himself to be influenced by unreliable information on the "February Revolution"); Mr. and Mrs. Service established, through field work, that the Paraguayan is not the simple product of the evolution of Guarani tribes, as legend would have it, but the result of cultural mixture, with the Spanish base predominating, and in this respect their book is the most serious to appear in recent times. Raine's book contains not only social evaluation and historical judgment, but also an inventory of possibilities. It is concrete and logical. Without going into details, it may be said that the historical introduction reveals a broad knowledge of sources. No Paraguayan book relates so simply the period of discovery, conquest, and colonization. One might, perhaps, object to a certain complacency toward the Spanish period, for the truth is that Paraguay was the stepchild of the Spanish Empire, poor, long-suffering, heavily taxed, burdened with responsibility for the defense of the eastern territories. Raine describes the Jesuit missions realistically and is the second writer—Warren was the first—to recognize that Paraguay is not a Jesuit creation but the product of a civil society begun with the founding of Asunción.

The most interesting event of the colonial period was the Revolution of the Comuneros, or colonial settlers—a forerunner of the struggle for independence and treated justly by the author. Raine also draws a vigorous sketch of the dictator Francia, toward whom he is fundamentally sympathetic. He is less sympathetic with Solano López in his narrative of events leading up to the frightful War of the Triple Alliance (1864-1870), which ruined the country. He takes due note of the constructive labors of President Carlos Antonio López, and ends his historical section with the period of reconstruction up to 1932. That was the year the Chaco War broke out; this war is summed up neatly by Raine, who never allows himself to be impressed by the baseless charge that it was merely an imperialist war over petroleum, at least on the Paraguayan side. A bitter reflection of Raine's underlines his work: each time Paraguay has showed signs of progress, some tragic event has taken place to hold it back. Possibly, in judging the War of the Triple Alliance, he was influenced by the work of Pelham Horton Box, yet he is deeply appreciative of the Paraguayan people. Paraguay is a nation of vigorous spirit and homogeneous composition, held back, among other adverse factors, by being an inland country and by having a population that has never exceeded a million and a half.



As for the inventory of possibilities, Raine bases his conclusions on copious data covering every sector of the national life—territory, people, economy, culture, and so on. A Ministry of Economy adviser could not have done better. I agree with him as to the possibilities; Paraguay is full of them, and they need to be organized and developed. Better means of communication, more efficient use of labor, and political tolerance are pressing necessities today. This whole section of Raine's book shows enterprise and balanced judgment.

If it were up to me, this book would be translated into Spanish. Simple, solid, and sincere, it would do the Paraguayans good.

*Justo Pastor Benítez, a leading Paraguayan man of letters, has written a number of books on his country's history and culture. In the research for the preparation of this review, he had the assistance of the Puerto Rican writer Miguel Angel Aloy.*

### "PRACTICAL ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF PAN AMERICANISM"

An essay contest on this theme, open to nationals of all the American republics, has been announced by the American Institute of Economic, Juridical, and Social Research of Buenos Aires, Argentina. The essays, written in the contestant's own language, should be between one thousand and four thousand words long, previously unpublished, and signed with a pseudonym. They should be typewritten, and the original and one carbon copy should be sent. With his entry the contestant should enclose a sealed envelope containing his real name, his pseudonym, and the title of his essay.

The prizes—a gold medal, a silver medal, and honorable mention—will be awarded next Pan American Day, April 14, 1958, in Buenos Aires. Entries should be sent before December 31, 1957, to

Instituto Americano de Investigaciones  
Económicas, Jurídicas y Sociales  
Maipú 286  
Buenos Aires, Argentina

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Inside back cover Fenno Jacobs, Black Star

## LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

### ON THE HILL

Dear Sirs:

In looking through the July issue of *AMERICAS* I was pleased to note the fine article on the work of the American International Institute for the Protection of Childhood. Since legislation affecting the Institute had been reported out from the Foreign Relations Committee—so as to increase our modest appropriations to it—I brought the article to Senator Wiley's attention. He, in turn, was happy to reprint it in the [July 13] *Congressional Record*.

J. M. Cahn, Consultant  
Senate Foreign Relations Committee  
Washington, D. C.

### AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'

Dear Sirs:

The other day I came across a back copy of *AMERICAS* (June 1954). Re Marion Fowler's letter commenting on Mr. Lumsden's article "Two-Way Guide to Correct Behavior" (*AMERICAS*, January 1954), it is never too late to correct an error . . . Mrs. Fowler says in her letter: "Trousers of various lengths . . . may be fine for feminine vacation wear in the United States but should be left at home when the vacation is to Latin America, where they may be considered at best unattractive and at worst immoral." I believe that Mrs. Fowler is misinformed. Trousers are worn to such an extent by Latin American women, at least in my country, that they are a must on trips or excursions. In the summer young girls and even older women often wear shorts to the beach without attracting undue attention. Slacks are so common at home, in the street, and for bicycle-riding that nobody would think of criticizing . . .

Zoila E. Bernal L.  
Lima, Peru

### OLD DEVIL PEDRO

Dear Sirs:

My curiosity has been piqued by the mention of Pedro Urde-males as the main character in Amado Muro's story "Ay, Chihuahua!" (*AMERICAS*, Spanish, April 1957), whom he depicts as a Chihuahuan. . . . In this region of Argentina I have heard stories about Pedro Urdimán or Ordinán. . . . Could it be a variation of the same name?

Octaviano Adolfo Saracho  
Tucumán, Argentina

*Originally Pedro de Urdemalas, a fabulous character who used malas artes (pulls all sorts of dirty tricks), he is a standard fixture in the folklore of most Spanish-speaking countries, though his name may vary slightly from place to place.*

### PAU PICKPOCKET?

Dear Sirs:

Perhaps Miss Hilda Macedo, the Brazilian policewoman, can solve the mystery in the photo on page 26 of the July issue of *AMERICAS*. Whose is the hand reaching stealthily pocketward?

Liz Pinkerton  
Houston, Texas

*We really don't know, but we've notified the PAU guards and law-enforcement agencies all over the Hemisphere.*



### ECHOES

Dear Sirs:

My husband and I were completely captivated by Aníbal Machado's "The First Corpse" (*AMERICAS*, February 1957), which we came across the other day. . . . We think it's little gem—reflecting the humor, the unexpected twists of story and phrasing, and the sharpness of many Brazilian folk tales we have read. We would be interested to know if it was written in Portuguese.

Mrs. Robert S. Reese  
Los Angeles, California

*It was. AMERICAS articles and stories originate in any one of the four official languages of the OAS.*

Dear Sirs:

Thought you might like to know that one of the La Paz bookstores displayed the June Spanish issue of *AMERICAS* opened at the article "Bolivia Hacia la Educación Industrial" (Bolivia's Industrial Schools, May English). Also, at one of the "Flavias," Mr. Machicado showed me a symphonic recording sent him by the Brazilian composer mentioned in my article about those musical evenings (*AMERICAS*, English, December 1955). He wrote that he had read in *AMERICAS* that his music was played at the Flavias.

Hazel O'Hara  
La Paz, Bolivia

Dear Sirs:

Jorge Mejía-Palacio's article "Why an Economic Conference?" (*AMERICAS*, July 1957) is of great importance to those interested in our Latin American neighbors' material development. We have neglected them . . . and spent billions of dollars in other areas. . . . Now is the time to reconsider our policy at the Buenos Aires conference.

Mitchell Millard  
Norfolk, Virginia

Dear Sirs:

The three stories by Cecilia Pérez in the July issue of *AMERICAS* were different and quite good! It is reading of this sort that makes your magazine enjoyable.

Beverly Rowand  
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sirs:

I wish to thank you for all that *AMERICAS* brings me . . . Two months ago I picked an address at random from the Mail Bag. Now we send each other post cards, newspaper clippings, and descriptions of ports and places . . .

Dr. Enrique Montaño  
Pitiquito, Sonora, Mexico

Dear Sirs:

I'm a businessman and do not have much time to keep abreast of things happening in other countries. . . . Reading your magazine enables me to remember the world is made up of many peoples whose beliefs and customs are sometimes very similar to our own. . . . I greatly enjoyed Gilbert Khachadourian's "La Negrita" . . .

John Andrade  
Mount Vernon, New York

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for the very interesting article on Miguel Covarrubias (*AMERICAS*, April 1957). It was beautifully illustrated, and a well-written and accurate estimate of the artist. Will you do me the favor of passing one reader's gracious thanks on to the art editor? . . . I have heard at least three others comment favorably on it.

Mrs. Marian Williams  
Houston, Texas

Dear Sirs:

I have particularly enjoyed *AMERICAS*' excellent writing and fine photographs. They have been an inspiration for some of my art work.

Ellen C. Shannon  
Wickenburg, Arizona

Dear Sirs:

As a new reader of your magazine I wish to tell you how much I enjoy it. I was particularly impressed by the photographs and article entitled "La Negrita" (AMERICAS, July 1957). . . . Congratulations to the author!

Mrs. Pat Gray  
Modesto, California

**SWAP-ALL**

Dear Sirs:

As a student of English I am interested in the exchange of primers and high-school books in Spanish and English. . . . I would also like to exchange Kodachrome slides, post cards, and coins and become friends with anyone living in the United States. I can correspond in Spanish, English, German, French, or Portuguese.

Pedro Allende  
Chacabuco 1179  
Esperanza, Santa Fe  
Argentina

Dear Sirs:

Can you tell me how to obtain a souvenir handkerchief from each of the American countries? If I knew whom to write to, how much money I should send, and where, I would get started on an interesting addition to my collection. . . .

Gladys L. Payne  
6320 Broadway Terrace  
Oakland 18, California

**COLLECTOR'S ITEM**

Dear Sirs:

As a university professor, I am interested in getting in touch with collectors of rare books and old coins.

Elías Domit  
Caixa Postal 205  
União da Vitória, PR, Brazil

# a ccent on youth

**WATCH FOR . . .**

**AMERICAS' November issue,  
devoted to young people of  
the Western Hemisphere**

The Organization of American States unites the twenty-one republics of the Western Hemisphere for the common purpose of maintaining peace, freedom, security, and welfare of all Americans. The member states are: Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, the United States, Uruguay, and Venezuela.

The OAS had its inception in 1950 during the First International Conference of American States, which met in Washington. Today, it operates through a large number of different agencies and institutions throughout the Hemisphere, all contributing to the common objective of preserving the peace and security of the member states and promoting, by cooperative action, their economic, social, and cultural development.

The Pan American Union, central permanent organ and General Secretariat of the OAS, has its headquarters in Washington, D. C. Called "The House of the Americas," its main building of white marble, with its tropical patio and Aztec Garden, is visited each year by thousands of Americans from all parts of the Western Hemisphere.

Pan American Day is celebrated annually throughout the Americas on April 14th.

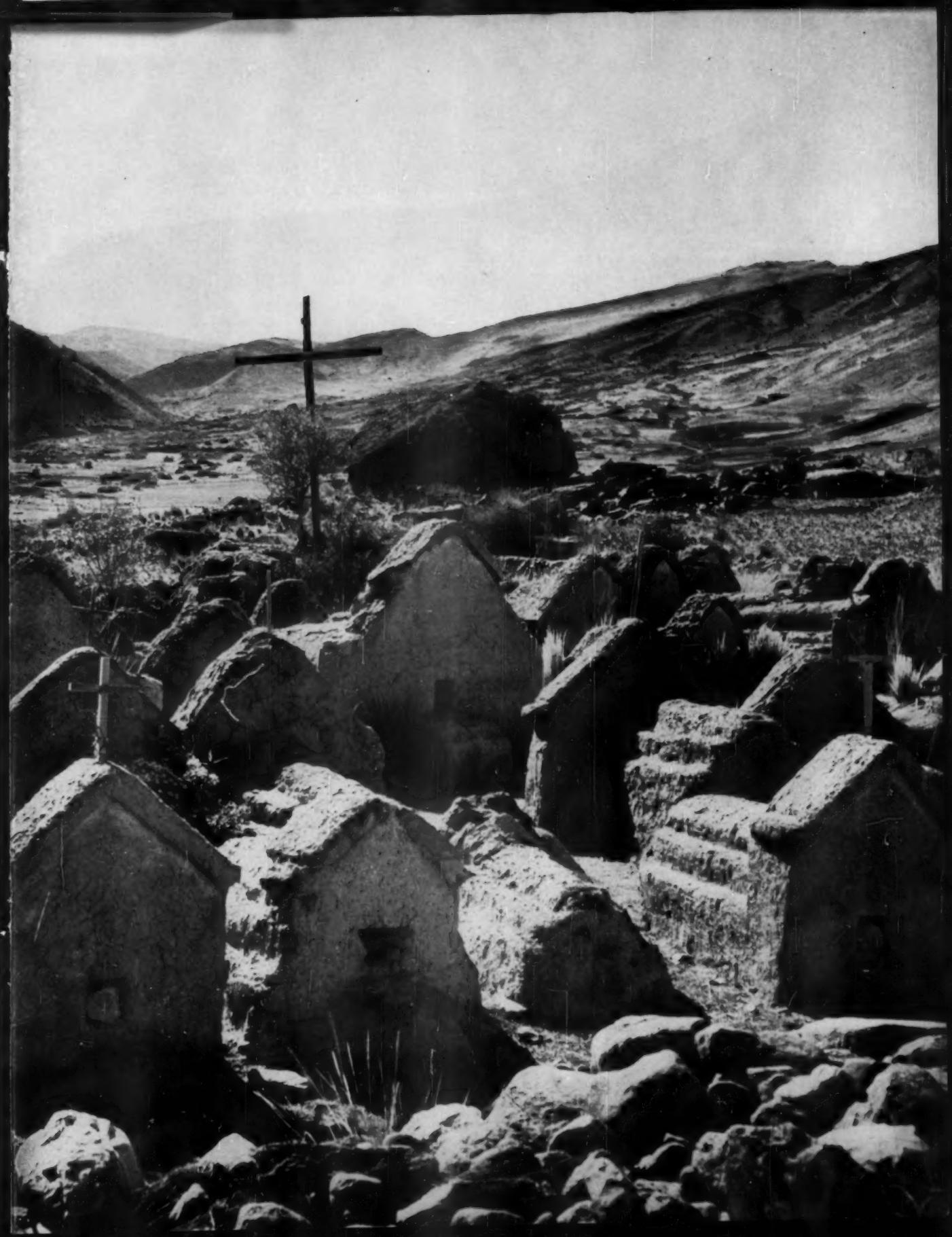
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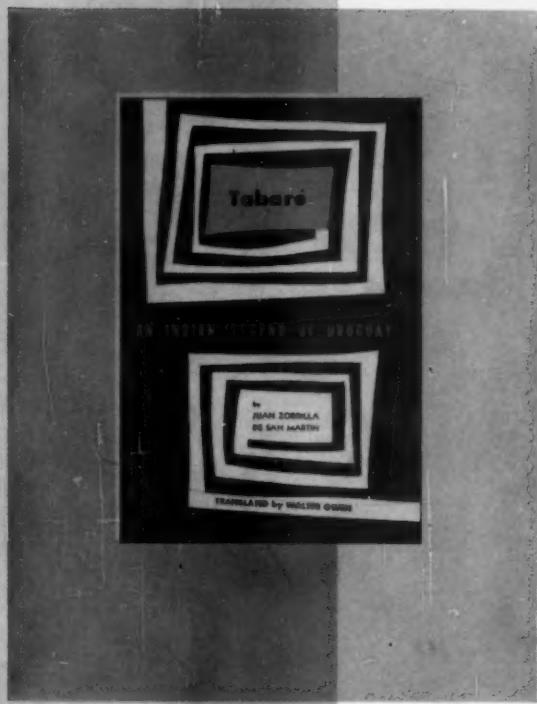
The following correspondents, in search of pen pals throughout the Hemisphere, have asked AMERICAS to publish their names and addresses. Readers requesting this service must print their names and addresses and be able to write in at least two of the official OAS languages (English, Spanish, Portuguese, and French), shown below by the initials after the name. Those who are students are asked to say whether they are of high-school (H) or college (C) level. Stamp collectors are indicated by an asterisk after the name.

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**TO AMERICAS READERS**

*Because of higher production costs, AMERICAS is forced to increase the price of the English edition. Beginning with this issue, the subscription rate is \$4.00 a year and the price for single copies is 35 cents each.*





## TABARÉ

AN INDIAN LEGEND OF URUGUAY  
by Juan Zorrilla de San Martín

Tabaré, blue-eyed son of a captive Spanish woman and a Charrúa chief, is born as it were of the clash between Indian and Spanish conquistador in the early days of the conquest of Uruguay. Baptized by his mother shortly before her death, the mestizo—grown to manhood—feels within himself an irreconcilable struggle between his savage impulses and his Christian heritage. The inner conflict becomes more intense in the presence of Blanca, sister of the commander of the Spanish outpost settlement of San Salvador. Tabaré's terrified but faithful devotion to Blanca eventually brings him to a tragic end. Told in flowing verse, the poem also pictures the landscape of Uruguay in a series of vividly descriptive passages.

A late Uruguayan romantic of vast lyric powers, Juan Zorrilla de San Martín is one of Spanish America's greatest poets. *Tabaré*, a truly epic poem, is now presented by the Pan American Union and UNESCO for the first time in a bilingual (English-Spanish) text. The English translation is by Walter Owen, renowned Scottish poet and translator of numerous masterpieces of Spanish American literature.

*Tabaré* is priced at \$3.75 in a cloth binding; \$2.75 paper bound. 368 pp.

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